

The Mountain Advocate.

NEW SERIES: VOLUME 10; No. 9

BARBOURVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1920

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

MOONSHINERS AT WORK IN KNOX COUNTY

Reputable citizens of Fount and Girdler state that whiskey drinking is so rampant around those towns that it is not safe to travel at night. The young bloods, with perhaps a sprinkling of older heads, ride up and down the roads yelling and shooting off their guns to the danger of anyone who may be travelling on the roads.

This should be stopped and the best way to stop it is to stop the manufacture of the moonshine whiskey. There is no blinking the fact that it is causing all kind of trouble in our County, including the crime of murder, whereby women are left with families to fight the battle of life alone. It is bottled or jagged devilry and has no legal standing in the community. In fact it is an outlaw, subsisting on the sufferance of those failing to report existing stills. If there is no other way in which it can be suppressed then the officers of Uncle Sam should be brought into the fight and the illegal stills should be put out of business.

This devil's brew is causing parents to worry for their sons, not only spiritually but also mentally and physically.

Judge R. S. Rose has made a start in the work of doing away with stills by making the drinking individual tell where he is getting the stuff.

Judge R. S. Rose had made a start in the work of doing away with stills by making the drinking individual tell where he is getting the stuff. Every known still should be reported to the Internal Revenue Office at Louisville.

The condition is so bad that some of those who reported the matter to the Advocate state that they may be compelled to leave the districts in which they live unless conditions improve.

What is everybody's business is said to be nobody's business, but if the individual will make it his business to report the existence of stills there will soon be a clearing up of the illegal traffic.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

George W. Ricketts, son of S. A. Ricketts of near Trooper, accidentally shot himself in the thigh last week while playing with a pistol. The boy thought all the shots had been fired but on dropping the gun to his side, it went off and shot him through the thigh. He has a good chance to recover without the loss of his leg.

MASONIC LODGE MEETS

Dave Jackson, Grand Secretary of the Masonic Lodge of Kentucky, was here Saturday in the interest of the Million Dollar Fund which is being raised for the Masonic widows and orphans home. This was the Annual Meeting of the Masonic Brethren and also the meeting for the election of officers.

J. C. Moore has returned to Barbourville after a visit to his daughter in Tennessee.

PROMINENT CITIZENS INDICTED

On how small a thing may destiny swing! In the beginning of the race, the Apple of Adam's eye offered him an apple, and lo, chaos!

The spirit of taking a chance, which began in an environment of perfection, has spread down the ages and reached Barbourville. As a consequence, some of our most gifted sons, otherwise of a beautiful pulchritude of conduct, have found themselves in the strong meshes of the net, which, thrown out by the Grand Jury on the waters of life, has gathered in those who have strayed from their Ark of Safety.

When, as boys, they vied in the healthful pastime of jumping at a crack in the sidewalk, guessed heads or tails, even while they kept the coin, so precious in the days of scarcity, playing marbles for keeps and other such games of chance, little did they imagine that these customs might, when age had endowed them with all the strength and attraction of young manhood, examples of what young men should be, when, in fact, success spread out before them and the golden apple in the Garden of Opportunity were theirs, for the picking, little did they imagine, we repeat, that a penny cast at a crack or the E Pluribus Unum vs. Liberty, over a glass of sparkling coke, poured from a bottle and mixed with water, gaseous or plain, would be their downfall. Yet, so it seems, because said well beloved sons of our fair town, to a ripe and goodly number, in fact are now wondering what will happen when Circuit Court again meets and the penny cast at a crack and E Pluribus Unum vs. Liberty vs. coke, come up for judgment.

Thus does the influence of the past, not only our own, but that of our numberless ancestors, rise to put the kibosh on us. Meanwhile let us walk warily, treating Dutch fashion and hanging grimly on to the pennies, so that the dollars may take care of themselves. Else, "Et tu, Brute!"

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FEDERAL AMENDMENT RATIFICATION

Expected by Kentucky Suffragists
First Week of Legislature

Governor E. P. Morrow will open the Kentucky Equal Rights Convention in Lexington, January 6th. Prominent men of both parties will speak for the Federal Amendment, which will, if passed, add to the great number of states which have signified their approval of Woman's Suffrage. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst the English suffragist and Mrs. Chas. L. Tiffany of New York.

We shall be glad to see Kentucky enrolled among those States which believe that the home makers and working women should have a voice in the legislation which affects them and their families.

Hon. Sawyer A. Smith is now a Colonel on the staff of Gov. E. P. Morrow having recently been honored with this appointment.

LENZIE BAKER SHOT IN ABDOMEN

Lenzie Baker, the 13 year old son of Tom K. Baker, of Flat Lick, was shot in the abdomen by Sel Smith, son of James Smith, also about 13 years of age. It is understood there was a scuffle for the possession of the pistol which was discharged, making a dangerous wound. The injured boy was taken to a hospital at Middlesboro.

DOUBLE WEDDING

A double wedding was held on Christmas Eve when Tip Blingham, of Cannon, married Miss Kermit Parrott and Charlie Willis, of Cannon, married Miss Lucy Parrott. The two brides are the daughters of Mrs. Hulda Parrott, of Balleys Switch. The wedding service was read by Rev. J. H. Blackburn. The friends of the young people will wish them every happiness in their married life.

SMITH-JONES

The marriage of Crt Jones, of Fount, and Miss Mandy Smith took place on Christmas Eve, Rev. John Jones performing the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Senior Smith.

WARFIELD-DETHERAGE

The wedding of G. B. Detherage, son of S. Detherage, and Miss Ethel Warfield, of Indian Creek, took place at Cumberland Gap December 23rd. These are estimable young people and we wish them every good luck.

FLAT LICK COAL FIELDS Being Heavily Developed

The Allied Coal Company, of Louisville, which recently took over the Flat Lick Company's properties, have also leased the John A. Black property adjoining, consisting of some 2,000 acres, and have put in an extensive plant for big operations.

Hon. Caleb Powers is opening up some 2,500 acres of coal land which is making a fine showing.

Enquiry is being made as to Cannel coal which exists in this same section. This coal is used for the making of dyes opening up a profitable coal business in the Flat Lick section.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for the kind assistance rendered us during the illness and death of our beloved Mother and Grandmother, Mrs. Martha Davis, who passed into the Great Beyond December 25th, 1919, age 81 years, 6 months and 2 days.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

A Christmas dance was enjoyed by a number of our citizens last week at the Lyons home in Middlesboro. Those who attended the dance were: —Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Heidrick, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Tye, Mr. and Mrs. Yancy Lytle, of Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Miaton, Misses Jewel, Drucilin and Lilydale Tye, Mary Agnes Heidrick, Mary McDermott and Roberta Cole. The young people spent the night at the Lyons home.

NOTICE

Effective January 1, 1920

It becomes necessary for me in the future to make a small charge for my professional services in the Scientific Examination of eyes.

When I came to Barbourville an examination was conducted free as an inducement for people to visit my office and have those suffering from eye trouble witness my method and discover for themselves whether I was a professional or a fakir. The number of patients I have had is sufficient proof that the people have rightly placed me in the professional class.

I also wish to announce that I came here solely to practice Optometry legitimately and now I am compelled to charge a reasonable fee for my services to sustain my practice and the good will of the people. Yours for better eyesight, J. Effron, O. D. Graduate Optometrist and Optician.

LETTER FROM J. M. ROBISON

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1919.

Dear Mr. Editor: Congress, Saturday night before adjournment, passed the bill increasing the compensation for disabled soldiers, sailors and Marines to be effective on April 6th, 1917. This increases the compensation for these boys nearly three times. I understand that the President will sign the bill today. Many of our disabled heroes will get more than a thousand dollars back compensation and nearly three times as much in the future as they have gotten heretofore. It is indeed a splendid Christmas gift for the soldiers.

I find that a great many soldier boys have not received their full quota of clothing and equipment. If any of your readers have not received their full quota of clothing and equipment I should be glad to send them blanks.

A great many soldier boys have not received their Liberty Bonds for which they have paid and are having trouble with their compensation and allotments. I shall be glad to help all who desire help on this matter. The Congressman can get quicker action on these matters than the parties themselves.

We are assured by the Republican leaders that the Fuller Bill, giving additional pay to the Union Veterans, will come up and be passed on January 5th, and that our Spanish-American and Philippine War Pension Bill will be taken up and passed by the house in January. I shall be glad to send the latest Farmer's Year Book and Farmers' Bulletins to those who may desire them.

I shall be glad to help your readers and your people down there in any way I can. I am sure that the foregoing will be good Christmas news to the soldiers of all the wars and I will thank you to publish the same.

We are making a hard effort to have the Congress consider and pass the increased pay bill, or bonus bill, for the World War soldiers.

Wishing you and your readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain, Your friend J. M. Robison.

OIL NEWS

C. L. Bartlett, of Maysville is registered at the Jones Hotel and will remain to supervise development on Richland Creek.

It is reported that a St. Louis oil company, represented by Mr. Williams, have shipped a rig to Stinking Creek and will begin operations as soon as the rig arrives.

Great activity prevails in the leasing of land in the Stinking Creek section. On Sunday, Leo Jackson left for Lexington to close up a deal for leases with some parties of that city.

James J. Scanlon, principal geologist of the Geologist Oil Company with headquarters at Louisville, is expected here shortly to make a location for an important test in the Stinking Creek section. Mr. Scanlon has made a careful test of the structures in Stinking Creek and is of the firm conviction that his people will encounter a deep oil pool there.

The Associated Producers spudded in their No. 1 well on Stinking Creek Monday. They are starting with a ten inch bore and have made all provision in the way of casing, cordage and heavy tools to go to a depth of 3,500 feet provided paying sands are not reached before getting to that depth. This company is also preparing to start a well near Ogles postoffice in Clay County line. A favorable feature of the possibilities of a deep well in Knox County is the fact that in Knott County, north-east of Knox County, a well was completed last week where oil was found in paying quantities at a depth of over 2,600 feet. This oil was found in the Pennsylvania formation. It is a matter of great importance from the fact that this is the first well in Eastern Kentucky that has been found at that depth. The bringing in of this well will undoubtedly encourage the development in Perry, Leslie, Clay and Knox.

The whiskey dealers formerly knew what to say and do when they wanted anything. Now they are at a loss for words and action. Men and customs certainly change.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HICKORY MILL

Following their custom of many years standing, T. W. Minton & Co. Hickory Mill, of Harboursville, presented each one of their 91 employees with a Christmas turkey.

A feature of the occasion was two very interesting turkey races, the first giving a game young turkey a 100 ft. handicap, and the second giving a 300 ft. handicap. The turkeys gave the boys the chase of their young lives, but they were finally captured by Jason Mayes and Geo. Barnes, who kept the turkeys as prizes. After the races names were drawn from a hat by the boys for the choice of turkeys, the names having been arranged into yearly classes, according to years of service with the company.

After the turkeys were all selected, the boys and turkeys climbed on top of the large hickory log pile in the mill yard and several pictures were taken of the group.

This company has a fine spirit of good will and a splendid organization among their men, and they are justly proud of "The Hickory Mill Boys."

OUR STREETS

In wishing a Happy and Prosperous New Year to our new City Council, let us remember the good work of the old City Council. As we look over the paved streets and realize what they mean and will mean to Barbourville, let us put on record the names of the men who constituted the old Council. Thos. D. Tinsley, Mayor, City Council, R. W. Cole, Judge S. B. Dishman, Geo. W. Tye, Dr. J. E. Faulkner, Judge B. B. Golden and J. R. Jones.

When these men put down streets that are streets (and it took nerve to do it,) they put Barbourville on the map. The city will become more and more a city of homes and a center of education and when the Dixie Highway is completed, (and it will be completed if Congressman Robison knows what he is talking about and we know he does,) then the tourist, who will bring thousands of dollars to Harboursville, will be able to pass from a pike road onto our paved streets, which, otherwise, would have been a dead flank in the system.

There are still streets that should be paved and we have no doubt that the present City Council will show energy in getting them paved, especially as ocular demonstration of what paved streets mean should make it easier to get the work done. Here's to a Barbourville with every street paved by 1921!

MOUNTAIN EAGLES VS CUMBERLAND QUINTETTE

The Mountain Eagles of Barbourville on the 23rd descended from their eyrie and picked the bones of the Cumberland Quintette at Harlan. The score was 47 to 6. The boys were treated royally and a social at the hotel was greatly enjoyed.

The Mountain Advocate, \$1.50 a yr.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE TUESDAY CLUB

Mrs. J. W. Hughes entertained the Tuesday Club on December 23rd at the B. B. 1. This was the holiday meeting at which it has always been the custom of the Club to entertain guests—a reception and not a regular meeting. After the members and their guests had exchanged greetings and were all seated in the spacious parlor of the Girls' Dormitory Mrs. W. S. Hudson gave two piano selections, Walse Brillante, Chopin, and Prairie Sketches, Cadman. Mrs. R. B. Minton read "When Malinda Sings," in a most pleasing manner. Lowell Hughes played "A Perfect Day" on his cornet of which he is quite a master for so small a fellow. The rest of program was so arranged that each one took part in story telling, games and contests in which quick thinking and skill were exhibited. Mrs. Leslie Logan and Mrs. S. T. Davidson carried off the prizes.

Delicious refreshments were served in the Institute dining hall where many seasonable toasts were made. The dining hall was elaborately decorated in Christmas red and green and little Santa Claus were used as place souvenirs. The spirit of pleasant intercourse prevailed throughout and Mrs. Hughes proved a perfect hostess.

The following ladies were guests of the Club:

Mesdames J. D. Black, Henry C. Black, of Johnson City, Tenn., R. W. Cole, G. J. Carter, J. C. Tye, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, J. A. Gray, R. C. Miller, of Ashville, N. C., S. T. Davidson, L. L. Richardson, Leslie Logan, G. H. Albright, Dan Herndon, Jack Hughes, Chas. Jones, M. L. Snively, and Misses Ethel and Clara Campbell, Jewell Tye and Cora Sevier.

DEATH

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. J. H. Davis who passed late yesterday December 25th at 12 p. m. aged 81 years. The cause of death was dropsy. Funeral services were held at the home of her grandson, Clarence Davis, at 1 o'clock Friday. The remains were laid to rest in the City Cemetery.

Mrs. Davis leaves three sons and many grandchildren to mourn their loss.

PRESBYTERIAN SERVICES

Sunday January 4th, 1920
Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.
Morning Service at 11 A. M.
Evening Service at 7 P. M.
The Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. E. B. Dishman on Friday at 7:30 P. M. and the ladies are asked to bring their husbands with them.

AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday January 4th, 1920.
Bible School at 9:45 A. M.
The usual services at 10:50 A. M. and 7 P. M.
Morning sermon: "The Soul and Its Future Self."
Evening sermon: "To Him That Hath Shall be Given."
A welcome to all.

Thos. J. Belcher, Minister.

Soldier Might Lose His Gun But He Held On To His Shovel

A soldier was relating some of his experiences in the Argonne Forest. He had played a rather important part in that historic fight.

During the course of his conversation, he let drop these few words:

"—but we always held on to our shovels."

After the fight the work of salvaging the war implements began. No shovels could be found, except that wherever there was a shovel the man who had used it lay beside it.

He knew he had to have it, to dig himself in again.

That was intuition with the soldier. He was saving for the future. Many can and should emulate his example.

Practice it with your money. Start a bank account today, and let it grow so that you can "dig in" when the time comes

\$1.00 Will Start An Account

Or let War Savings Stamps be your trench shovels.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY

CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN FULL \$50,000.00

SURPLUS AND NET PROFITS \$30,000.00



**I wish I had had my money
in the Bank**

Start your bank account with us today, we have more than 2,500 depositors. Deposits more than half million dollars.

The National Bank of John A. Black

KEEP IT SWEET
Keep your stomach sweet today and ward off the indigestion of tomorrow—try
KI-MOIDS
the new aid to digestion.
As pleasant and as safe to take as candy.
MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

Personal Mention

SEE HED FOR INSURANCE

W. L. Warfield, of Indian Creek, was here Tuesday buying supplies.

Miss George Reld, of Manchester returned to Berea College Tuesday.

Carl Morris has returned to Berea College.

Charlie Mills visited home folks at Artemus last week.

Have you made your guess at the Jug at the Sanitary Grocery?

Don't over look the \$5 chance to guess at the Sanitary Grocery.

Geo. Higgins, of Fighting Creek was here Saturday.

J. N. Fee, of Knox Fork, was here shopping Saturday.

T. C. Calles, of Girdler, was here Friday on business.

H. H. Blanton, of Mink, was here Saturday on business.

For Rent—Rooms. Enquire of Mrs. Rachel Cole, River Street.

Rev. A. H. Davis was in Somerset this week to preach a funeral service.

H. J. Warfield, from down the river, was a visitor in town Monday.

S. J. Parrott, of Baileys Switch, was shaking hands in town Monday.

Lloyd Pats, of Swan Lake, was in town Monday meeting friends.

She Hampton was here Monday from Swan Pond buying supplies.

Mrs. John A. Black has been indisposed this week.

George E. Taylor, of Flat Lick, who has been working at Harlan, spent Christmas with his family.

W. J. Hammons, of Goose Creek, was spending his money here Saturday.

M. T. Bingham, of Girdler, was shaking hands with friends Saturday.

The Holiness meeting at Swan Lake was closed Sunday after two weeks work.

T. W. Wagers, of Lynch, visited home folks at Manchester during Christmas week.

Miss Ida Leger, who recently broke her left arm has resumed her school teaching.

Campbell Whitsett of Middlesboro spent the week end here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Dorothy, of Winchester, spent Christmas with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cannon entertained Rev. and Mrs. Davis at dinner on Christmas Day.

H. H. Archer, of Knoxville, Tenn. spent Xmas with his cousin, J. E. Archer at the Jones Hotel.

B. B. I. opened with a fine attendance on Thursday and Union College on Thursday.

Miss Mary Henry, of Maryville, Tenn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Standall.

Miss Nannie Taylor, of Union College, returned Monday from a visit home at Baileys Switch.

Uncle Robert Bain, who has been quite sick is improving nicely in spite of his 95 years of youth.

Mrs. R. R. Rose, of Jenkins, Ky., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Faulkner.

J. A. McDermott is back from Colombia where he says all conditions are wonderful.

Mrs. H. W. Harmon and brother, Will Plutman, of Pineville, spent the holidays with their people, C. H. Lytle and family, of Manchester.

Joe Sampson, who has been the guest of his mother, Mrs. Joe Sampson, has returned to his home at St. James, Minn.

Mrs. W. H. Spahr, daughter Anna and son Arthur, of Richmond, Ky., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gibson.

R. N. Fultz, from over the river, recently killed a hog weighing 310 pounds. The hams weighed 62 lbs. each.

If you wish to sell your farm or home, see Reid Real Estate Co.

Dr. R. L. Lattimore, of Straight Creek, was in town Monday on business.

The Misses Campbell spent the Christmas holidays at Grays with their people.

Mrs. W. T. Stewart and Mrs. H. M. Richards spent Saturday at Artemus with relatives of the former.

Lewis Monahan, of Poplar Creek was in town Monday spending his good money.

Rev. J. T. Huggles was at Middlesboro Sunday taking service at the M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sampson, of New York, have been visiting Mr. Sampson's mother for a few days.

Roy Miller, proprietor of the City Pressing Shop has returned from a trip to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Richards entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ben Herndon at Sunday dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Evans entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rasnik at Sunday dinner.

J. A. Leger of Meadow Creek Whitley County, spent Xmas with his family at King.

Matthew McKeehan has accepted a position as cashier at Warren, Ky.

Rev. Reed and wife, of Covington, Ky., will attend Union College when it opens January 1st.

J. T. Morris, a prominent farmer of Fighting Creek, was here Monday shopping.

For Rent—7 Room House, electric lights, well, and an acre of land on School Street. \$25 per month. See Harris Davis for keys. 8-24

Dean Ryder, of Union College, will commence a revival meeting in the Methodist Church, assisted by excellent singers, Sunday, Jan. 5th.

Mrs. R. L. Caudill, of Hobart, Okla., arrived Sunday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Barnier.

C. R. Mitchell, of the L. & N. depot, who has been second trick man for the past four years, has been made first trick man.

James Asher and family of near Jarvis Store, have sold out and are moving to Bentonville, Ark. this week.

James McNeil and daughter, Miss Mary from Rockhold, are visiting the former's brother, David McNeil, this week.

For Sale—Second hand, upright boiler, in good condition and ready to use. About 25 h. p. Price \$250. Barbourville Supply Co. 8-11

J. M. Tinsley is back from Harlan where he spent Christmas. Mrs. Tinsley remained on with Mrs. Chas. Cole for a longer visit.

Miss Louise Clelland, of Parkersville, Ky., is the guest of Mrs. H. B. Minton, and Miss Wilma Pigg is visiting Miss Roberta Cole.

Attention Please! We would kindly ask all those who are indebted to the firm of E. T. England & Co. to call and settle. We wish to close all 1919 accounts.

Sunday night Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hudson entertained at 8 o'clock dinner Mrs. E. C. Stookesbury, of Knoxville, Tenn. and Mr. and Mrs. James S. Golden.

To our Customers! We have been kind and waited on you—will you not reciprocate the kindness by calling around and settling your accounts due us? E. T. England & Company.

Miss Faunie Davis, of Corbin, visited Miss Sybil Harris and on Sunday they went to Middlesboro where they joined several other young ladies from Corbin and all went on to Pennington Gap.

Mrs. W. W. Tinsley gathered all the members of the immediate family who are in town to take dinner at the home in honor of the presence of Alex Tinsley who spent part of his holiday in Barbourville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hudson had as their Christmas guests Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Cole and son Arthur and Mrs. Mary Onkst, all of Harlan, and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Chappelle, of Corbin.

Congressman J. M. Robison spent Christmas here transacting legal business and says he had the best time among the best people on earth.

Mrs. Robison, Miss Daisy and John spent a pleasant yuletide with their many new friends at Washington.

Mrs. J. Tatum, of Crab Orchard, Ky., has been visiting her father, Mr. D. C. Payne, during the week.

JOHN WHITE & CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
FURS
Hides and Goat Skins

Mountain Advocate \$1.50 per year.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Garrard spent Christmas with Mrs. Garrard's sister at Morgan, Ky., returning Sunday.

Dr. Boone bought from the Lewis boys five acres of coal land and a small tippie on Horse Creek for \$5,000.

The Telephone Company now has a night operator as well as a day operator. Miss Florence Morris, from Flat Lick is doing the night work.

In sending us his subscription for another year, Fred T. Jones says: "We always look forward to receiving your much appreciated paper and read it with great pleasure."

Prof. J. Alex Tinsley, of Jamesburg, N. Y., who spent Christmas with his people, left for home Wednesday via Warren, Ohio, where he will visit his sister, Mrs. N. W. Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Churchill will be home in about six weeks when Bert finishes his brick work on the Brosheer and Humitt Hospital at Middlesboro.

Twins boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Miller, Jr., Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. They will be known to their admirers as John Tye and Warren C.

A. T. Simms has accepted the position of night agent at the depot and his many friends will welcome him back to Barbourville. He just can't be happy elsewhere.

P. L. Centers, one of the professors at Cumberland College, Williamsburg and formerly of Barbourville, spent the week-end here with friends.

Miss Lillian Albright has gone to Indianapolis to be with her sister, Mrs. Talbot. Her baby is sick and since her broken arm is not yet dependable she needs the assistance of Miss Lillian.

Dr. S. H. Roland, of High Spint, Harlan County, spent Sunday with Dr. F. H. Burton leaving Sunday night for Louisville. Mrs. Roland remained for the week with Mrs. Burton.

James Bright of College Avenue, formerly principal of Straight Creek school, has accepted the position of book-keeper at the First National Bank. You will know him by his pleasing smile.

The store of Grover Hamblet at Knox Fork, which is also the post-office, was entered last week and the postoffice was robbed of \$130 to \$150. Bloodhounds from Lexington were brought to the scene but too late to be of any use.

Mrs. H. M. Hershberg will continue the business of H. M. Hershberg along the same lines as heretofore and will appreciate trade and patronage of friends and customers, always paying market price for produce. 7-41

V. D. Jackson, of Baileys Switch, entertained the following members of his family at Christmas:—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and family of Lynch and W. H. Buchanan and family from down the river.

Anyone having rooms, furnished or unfurnished, for rent is asked to list them at the Mountain Advocate or the office Union College. A large number of students are expected and it is desired that they be provided with rooms as soon as possible.

Robert Patterson of Flat Lick returned Sunday morning from the Georgia School of Technology Atlanta, Ga. to spend Xmas with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Patterson. Mr. Patterson is studying auto mechanics and when he gets thru his course in about three months he will probably go into the automobile business. This school also teaches aeronautics and with its machines shops gives a fine training in mechanics.

U. S. Government Warns Farmers About Disease Caused by Rats

They carry Bubonic plague, fatal to human beings. They carry foot and mouth disease which is fatal to stock. They kill chickens, eat grain, cause destruction of property. If you have rats RAT-SNAP will kill them. Cruminate rats after killing them—leaves no smell. Comes in cakes, ready for use. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, 1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Wilson Bros. and Costelloe Drug Co.

A TEXAS WONDER
For kidney and bladder troubles, gravel, weak and lame back, rheumatism and free quantities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. It is sold by your druggist, well known by mail on receipt of \$1.25. One small bottle, often cures. Send for extra testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 1225 Olive St., St. Louis. No. 3041 by sample.

Quick Cure for Croup.
Watch for the first symptom, hoarseness, and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at once. It is prompt and effectual.

Herman Kelley spent Christmas Day at his home and returned to Ashland, Ky., where he is working in the oil fields.

Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Franklin have returned from Alto Station where they spent the holidays with Dr. Franklin's father.

V. D. Jackson of Baileys Switch was a pleasant visitor at the Advocate office Wednesday. He also renewed his subscription for another year. Mr. Jackson acknowledges that he is a "crank" on good roads and he has certainly built some good ones.

The Cosmopolitan Entertainment will be at Union College the night of January first. They have a splendid collection of vocal and instrumental selections from the popular hits of the day and the old masters, besides other startling surprises. Cosmas should be grateful to Union College and to Prof. D. M. Humblet, who has worked so hard to bring the lecture here, and should show their appreciation by attending.

Richard C. Miller, formerly of King, Ky., and who last year was Inspector of Agriculture at the State of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky., Mr. Miller will graduate this year in M. S. in Agriculture. He is the only one working for a degree at the University this year.

Mr. Miller spent Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Miller of King.

All the Union College folks have over they might be called, round haven for dinner on Christmas Day.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Minton entertained Prof. and Mr. Gregory and family, the D. M. Humblet had the Ryder family, Miss Rebecca Sawyer entertained Misses Jettie Parrott and Cassie Cox, and Mrs. R. L. ton at the Franklin home, had as her guests Misses Flora Barbour and Freda Jasper while the family of Dr. J. A. Gray enjoyed the excellent dinner served at the Jones Hotel.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Before using this remedy, read the directions carefully. It is a cough and cold remedy, and it is a good one. It is a good one. It is a good one.

How the red-headed, energetic and attractive man or woman is envied by those who feel that it will always be their unfortunate lot to be thin, pale, and weak-bodied!

And yet why continue to envy men and women who possess a vigorous, healthy physical condition and an attractive, magnetic personality? Poor health and lack of vitality are often merely the result of impoverished blood.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan is for those whose bodies suffer from lack of blood nourishment. Pepto-Mangan enriches the blood and increases the number of healthy red cells, which are so necessary to carry the proper nourishment, vigor, and strength to every part of the body.

Physicians introduced Gude's Pepto-Mangan to the public because they knew that it contained the very properties that are so sorely needed to build up thin, watery blood. For your convenience Pepto-Mangan is prepared in two forms, liquid and tablet. Both contain exactly the same medicinal value.

Insist on the genuine Pepto-Mangan. To be sure you are buying the genuine Pepto-Mangan, ask your druggist for "Gude's." And be sure the name "Gude's" is on the package.

Reasons!
Why you should use Cardui, the women's tonic, for your troubles, have been shown in thousands of letters from actual users of this medicine, who speak from personal experience. If the results obtained by other women for so many years have been so uniformly good, why not give Cardui a trial?

Take CARDUI
The Women's Tonic

Mrs. Mary J. Irvin, of Culien, Va., writes: "About 11 years ago, I suffered untold misery with female trouble, bearing-down pains, headache, numbness. . . I would go for three weeks almost bent double. . . My husband went to Dr. . . for Cardui. . . After taking about two bottles I began going around and when I took three bottles I could do all my work." E-80

Healthy, Robust People Popular Everywhere

Good Health Creates an Attractive Magnetic Personality and Wins Admiration

Healthy People are Happiest

Pepto-Mangan Has Put Thousands into the Healthy Full-Blooded Class

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Happy New Year

Start the New Year with Better Eyesight
Eyes Examined Without Drugs. No Danger and No Guess Work.
Are You Among the People who are Troubled With

Overworked Eyes **Watery Eyes**
Nervousness **Movie Strain**
Failing Sight **Headaches, etc.**

All of These Can be Corrected with my Glasses
A Visit to My Office Will Convince You
Expert in Eye Glasses
Lenses Duplicated
Office Hours:
8 a. m. to Noon 1 p. m. to 6 p. m.
or by appointment
J. EFFRON, O. D.
Graduate Optometrist and Optician
Over Cole & Hughes Store Barbourville, Ky.

ECZEMA
HONEY LACK
Without pain or itching, it cures all cases of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't believe those who say it causes other troubles. It cures all skin diseases. It is the only remedy that cures. You can't lose on Honey Lack. Guaranteed. 10c per bottle. TODAY. Free, cat.

HERNDON DRUG COMPANY
Cured in 25 Cents

"Eight years ago when we first moved to Harlan, I was a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation. I tried Dr. Robert Allison, Mattoon, Ill., and had frequent headaches and other troubles, and there was a feeling like a heavy weight pressing on my stomach all the time. I felt miserable. Every morsel of food that I ate, I could not rest at night. I was tired and worn out all the time. One bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured me and I have since felt like a different person."

Mr. R. H. Jones has returned to Barbourville for a visit with his relatives.

Mrs. J. H. Jones is entertaining her daughter, Catherine Woodson, of Lexington.

Funeral of Mrs. J. H. Jones, whose wife, generally known as Granny Payne, died some time ago, died on Dec. 26th, from cancer. The funeral was held at the Harlan graveyard on Fighting Creek. Two boys and two girls survive. Uncle Tom was a veteran of the Civil War and was a recipient of a pension.

The Farmer's Worst Enemy—Rats
The Farmer's Best Friend—RAT-SNAP

These are the words of James Baxter, N. J. "Ever since I tried RAT-SNAP I have always kept it in the house. No more rats. About \$3.00 worth of rats. . . and figure it saves me chickens, eggs, and feed. RAT-SNAP is convenient. Just break up cake, no mixing with other food." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, 1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Wilson Bros. and the Costelloe Drug Co.

"The Fisherman"
is the "Mark of Supremacy" which for nearly five decades has marked the fame of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

When you need a tonic to help put you on your feet again you will want Scott's that is known around the globe—the highest known type of purity and goodness in food or medicine. Look for "The Fisherman." Buy Scott's.

The Norwegian cod liver oil used in Scott's Emulsion is superior to any other. Its purity and quality is unsurpassed. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 19-35

FARM The Mounn n Advocate.

BARBOURVILLE, KY

Y, JANUARY 2, 1920

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year, In Advance

Near St. Anne's

By JANE OSBORN

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Matron of an "old ladies' home," Madge Gray! If you had seen her as she set out that Thanksgiving eve you, too, would have rebelled against the fate that had forced Madge to her decision. It had been merely the result of a little arithmetic. She received \$20 a week—a sum that would once have seemed munificent—for her work as filing clerk in a downtown office. For board and lodging in a tiny hall bedroom she had to deduct \$12. There were six lunches besides, and clothes and carfare and all those little incidentals that, no matter what your income, always come to work havoc with your budget. At St. Anne's Madge had been offered \$50 a month—but there would be no expenses—no carfare, board, lodging, lunch or laundry. It was not that institutional life seemed to hold out any attractions to Madge, but simply because she was tired of putting up the fight that seemed necessary in adjusting her standard of living to that \$20 a week. So Madge was interested when Mrs. Saunders, who had known Madge before Mrs. Gray's death and the collapse of the Gray affairs, wrote telling her in a letter full of pity that St. Anne's home, of which Mrs. Saunders was a director, was in need of a matron and that Mrs. Saunders remembered how tactful Madge had been with the old ladies at the hotel where they had once spent the summer. Her letter did not very successfully conceal the fact that the matronship of St. Anne's had not been a position very much sought after and that the \$50 had not been deemed sufficient to the other matrons to persuade them to exert the supreme tact needed to get on with the "aged gentlewomen" who lived at St. Anne's.

Imagine the fair-haired Madge, scarce more than a child herself, mothering all those old ladies. But to her there was nothing incongruous in the idea. So having no more interesting plans to make for the holiday, she told Mrs. Saunders that she would go out to St. Anne's to "look things over" and see if she thought she could possibly assume the responsibility that the position required.

Mrs. Saunders had thereupon asked her to go out Wednesday afternoon and spend the Thanksgiving week-end there. She wrote to the departing matron to receive Madge and to try to make St. Anne's seem as attractive as possible.

So when twenty-year-old Madge started out by train to the infrequent suburb that harbored St. Anne's it was with the feeling that if she accepted the position—and there seemed not the faintest doubt but that she would—her last decision would have been reached. She would simply remain at St. Anne's the rest of her life. So far there hadn't been very much else for her but disappointment, she reflected—poor little Madge who was capable of so much enjoyment—and for such as her a retreat like St. Anne's was the best that life could afford. Never had one of the inmates of St. Anne's approached that vine-covered house in the country feeling any older than did Madge that Thanksgiving eve.

But she didn't look old—far from it. The demure little hat and the luxuriant plain dark suit greatly became her. It did not require sables and velvets to set off the prettiness of Madge. In fact, Madge was of that winsome, artless type that appear best when most simply dressed.

She sat in her seat in the railroad train watching the retreating landscape—the cold gray November sky and the ponds in the meadows showing a border of ice around the edge.

And as she looked a tear welled up from each of those violet eyes and met at the bridge of her dainty nose and then splashed down on Madge's hands that lay folded before her. What was the use of wiping it away? There was no one to see, or, at least, no one to cure.

Then two more tears started, but suddenly were checked. Some one was leaning over her. She looked up and stifled a little cry with the hand that had risen to wipe away the vestiges of her foolish tears.

"Bob," said Madge, and Bob said "Madge." Then he sat down beside her. "Well, whatever are you doing?" he asked, and Madge said: "Oh, just going to Malvern. Are you?"

Bob said he was, and then: "What can you be going to Malvern for?"

"Oh, to see some people," said Madge, coloring, for there was very little out at Malvern, save St. Anne's, a pickle factory and a stone quarry. She was wondering what could have called Bob to that part of the country. Bob, whom in those days before

the crash came, Madge was "almost engaged to."

In those days of many suitors it was Bob as much as any one to whom she had given her young heart. And in the days that had followed, who knows how completely that heart had been devoted to his memory?

"No," said Bob deliberately. "I have no friends there—" He paused, looking backward as if interested in some one occupying a seat behind them across the aisle.

Presently he excused himself. "My aunt—that little old lady in black is with me," he said. "I will just tell her that I have met you, and then may I come and sit here beside you for at least part of the trip?"

Until he came Madge's heart beat so fast and her poor little tired brain was in such a whirl that she could not explain just what she would say in the event that he asked her point-blank where she was going; if, for instance, he suggested that he accompany her to her destination in Malvern.

He came back and they talked about the dreary weather, then of Thanksgiving. "I suppose," ventured Madge, for her curiosity was aroused, "that you are going to Malvern for the holidays?" She was sure now that Bob was going to see a possible fiancée. She couldn't help being jealous.

"I may stay over Thanksgiving," he said cheerfully. "If they let me."

There was a rather sorry attempt to talk about things in general and then the conversation got back to the subject of Malvern. It was only fifteen minutes away and each was eager to find why the other was bound there, though each was as eager not to tell.

"It was Bob who began. 'I am really sorry for what I am doing—ashamed I would be if there were any way out of it. Dear old Aunt Sally brought me up. A mother could not have been kinder to me. I have wanted to make a home for her—I hope to some day.'"

"But she is old and she cannot be left alone. Now I have a chance to do gently big things in the West—that is, big for me. After a year I've been promised ten thousand a year. But I can't take Aunt Sally with me. She would be without friends. I want to make good first. I've tried to repay her just a little for all she did for me—that is the reason why I never asked the one woman in the world to be my wife. Because I felt that so long as Aunt Sally lived I wanted to live with her and I did not feel free to ask her—" Bob's eyes gazed past Madge as if they were really afraid to rest on her.

"But, Bob," cried Madge as she realized what he had been saying—and then their eyes met. "Why are you taking her to Malvern? Are you taking her to St. Anne's?"

"Yes, to St. Anne's, and it does sound pretty shabby to let her go to an old ladies' home—but it is just for the year. I know she will be treated well there and she would not consent to my giving up this chance in the West just to stay East with her. Then I'll get a little home and I can afford a companion for her. But until then—"

"They were very near to Malvern. Suddenly it seemed to Madge as if the whole world of love and life were slipping through her fingers. She felt a boldness of speech that was not at all usual with Madge; besides, hadn't he hinted that she was the only woman?"

"Bob, if you had married and if your wife happened to be the very fond of old ladies—very tactful and perfectly willing to be considered—mightn't you have been willing to take the wife and Aunt Sally out West with you right away? The wife would be willing to take care of the dear old unit, and having them both with you might help you to win out. That is, providing the one woman in the world were still willing to marry you, even though you nearly broke her heart because you didn't tell her that you loved her before."

"You didn't—you wouldn't really?" stammered Bob.

"Yes, I did, Bob," announced Madge.

"But could you share your home with Aunt Sally?"

"I've a reputation for being very, very fond of old ladies—I know I'd love Aunt Sally. I could manage beautifully with one old lady," and there was an emphasis on the one, the reason for which Bob did not understand.

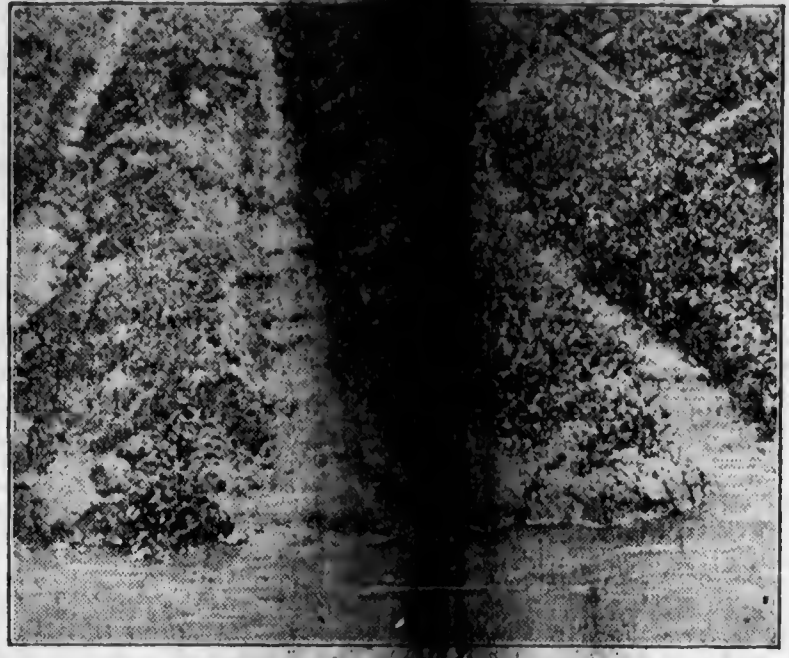
There was just time enough before they reached Malvern for Madge to explain.

"Then why should any of us go to St. Anne's?" asked Aunt Sally, when they explained just what had happened in the little waiting room at Malvern while they were waiting for the omnibus from the old ladies' home. "Why shouldn't we take the next train back to town and just send a telegram that we aren't any of us coming?"

"And what could we do then?" asked Madge, holding the little old lady's hand very tight in hers.

"Why, I suppose you two children could get married. Then we'd all have Thanksgiving together, and you and I, dear, could go West with Bob if he'd let us."

BENEFITS OF SURFACE IRRIGATION WHICH DO NOT INVOLVE OUTLAY OF MONEY



Furrow Irrigation, a Method of Artificially Applying Water to the Land That Could Profitably Be More Generally Adopted in Eastern Regions.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Probably there never was greater interest in various forms of irrigation than at present. Three methods are popular in sections of the Eastern states where conditions justify the artificial application of water to crops. They are spraying, subirrigation and surface irrigation. But the forehanded farmer who is making plans for his spring work hesitates to undertake new spray irrigation or subirrigation projects because he is well aware of the expense with prices at their present level. It is timely, therefore, to suggest the benefits of surface irrigation which do not involve so heavy an outlay of money.

Two Methods Employed.

Two methods, furrow irrigation and flooding, are employed. Both are extensively used in arid sections of the country, and their adaptation to eastern conditions is not difficult. As its name implies, furrow irrigation is merely the running of water down furrows between rows of plants, while irrigation by flooding is the spreading of water over fields, usually those in small grains, alfalfa or grasses. Common field crops are not often irrigated in the East, yet in occasional instances cotton, corn and potatoes have been treated in this way with profit; likewise fruit trees are benefited by irrigation in many sections. An example of this is the citrus groves of Florida.

Many farms are adapted to a combination of spray and furrow irrigating systems, the former to irrigate seed potatoes and small patches of garden truck, while the latter may be used for crops planted in rows. When a combination of this sort is adopted the crops under spray usually are those on rolling or hilly lands where it is not easy to irrigate by furrows. Where the lay of the land is favorable the comparative cheapness of the furrow method recommends it above the more expensive spray method. In most instances where the furrow method is used the crops are planted in rows far enough apart to permit of cultivation by a horse-drawn implement.

Information in Bulletins.

The department of agriculture has for distribution Bulletin 899 entitled "Surface Irrigation for Eastern Farms," which contains valuable information for the farmer interested in surface irrigation. It treats in a practical way the problem of obtaining a water supply, how to convey the water to the land, and the different types of pumps and other equipment necessary to make the system practical. There are also valuable suggestions regarding the methods of applying the water to the crops.

DESIRE TO IMPROVE QUALITIES OF COWS

Scrub Sires Are Menace to Those Keeping Purebreds.

Services of Holstein Bull and Hampshire Boar Offered to Community Show Interest in "Better Sires—Better Stock"

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

As practical evidence of their interest in the "Better Sires—Better Stock" campaign, which is gaining recruits rapidly in a majority of the states, the owners of a large stock farm in Florida have written the bureau of animal industry that the Holstein bull and Hampshire boar owned by them have been made free community sires. The services of a Duroc boar will likewise be made free as soon as he is old enough.

INDUSTRY IN STOUT COMPETITION



European Needs for Products.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

European needs for dairy products are largely supplied from pre-war times within two years' time, and the dairy industry may again face a sharp competition on home markets. This is the conclusion of Ray C. Potts, specialist in marketing dairy products, bureau of markets, speaking before a recent meeting of food officials in New York city.

In explaining the work of the bureau of markets in gathering and distributing accurate market information on dairy products, Mr. Potts pointed out the stabilizing effect of such information on prices and stated that fluctuating prices at wholesale make for wider margins between producer and consumer, while stabilization permits greater economy in distribution.

Recent monthly reports on milk prices in 200 cities have called attention to the wide difference in distribution costs prevailing in different sections of the country. While economies in distribution are possible in some communities the speaker pointed out that a saving of 10 per cent in the cost of distribution would make only a very slight saving to the individual consumer. A much greater loss to the public, he said, lies in paying top market prices for inferior qualities of dairy products. He advocated standardization of methods of production and distribution with special attention to more uniform quality of product as one of the great needs of the dairy industry.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

When the north wind taps at my casement, And the fields are bare and brown, When out from the sullen leaden sky, Stray snow flakes flutter down, What care I then for the shadows, That the roads are deep in mire? I've a comrade true in my home to-night, 'Tis the light of my open fire.

—Alix Thorn.

The following cakes and cookies are too good to last.

Christmas would not be Christmas without plenty of cakes. It is a wise plan to do some of the Christmas baking in advance, as many cakes and cookies are better when a few days old.

White House Pound Cake.—This is a favorite of President Wilson's. Chop the peel of one lemon and work it into a pound of butter until the latter is very creamy; add a pound of sugar, and continue beating for ten minutes. Blend with this the yolks of nine eggs and the juice of five lemons, beating for another ten minutes. Add to this mixture a quarter of a pound each of stoned raisins, currants, chopped cherries, seedless raisins, and mixed peel cut into shreds; then fold in gradually the whites of the eggs, a pound of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of rice flour and an ounce of baking powder. Put into a greased and papered tin and bake in a slow oven nearly three hours.

Honey Doughnuts.—The doughnut crock must be well filled at holiday time. Doughnuts made of honey may be cooked in advance of Christmas, and will keep soft, while the sugar ones will not do. Take two eggs, one and one-half cups of honey, one cup of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; add a little salt. Roll as soft as possible and fry in hot fat.

Spice Cookies.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter and add half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Then add three and a half cupfuls of flour, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste and from a half to a whole cupful of currants and chopped raisins. A few chopped nuts are an improvement. When well mixed, drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins and sprinkle with sugar.

A plain white cookie recipe may be divided and a part used with spice and fruit, with another part colored with melted chocolate, and one part left plain, making a variety of cakes from one recipe.

TASTY DISHES.

To save money by going without necessities is bad economy, but to waste anything lessens your wealth, the wealth of your country and the wealth of the world.—American Cookery.

To make the common baked apple, delicious as it is, still more attractive, use the following idea:

Select good medium-sized greenings, wash and core. Fill the center with red cinnamon candies or use part sugar and part cinnamon drops. Bake until the apples crack open. Baste the center with the red syrup which forms in the bottom of the pan.

Deviled Tomatoes.—Cut in thick slices four to six tomatoes, dredge with flour, and saute in hot butter. Serve with one tablespoonful of the following mixture on each: Cream together one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, two of dry mustard, a dash of salt, a sprinkle of cayenne and the yolk of a hard-cooked egg. Add to this two tablespoonfuls each of chopped green pepper, parsley and onion. Moisten with a tablespoonful or less of vinegar; heat in the pan and serve on the tomatoes.

Flemish Carrots.—Canned summer carrots may be used for this dish, or if these are not at hand, use the winter vegetable. If the carrots have not been previously cooked, cut in narrow strips and cook in a little water until tender. For a pint of carrots, melt one tablespoonful of butter, add four tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion and half a teaspoonful of sugar. Cover and let cook very slowly on an ashyest mat, until slightly brown; add one cupful of beef stock, and simmer until the onion is tender; add the carrots and let stand over hot water 20 minutes or longer. Sprinkle with finely minced parsley just before serving.

COOKERY FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

Economy and variety may perfectly well go together—the better the cook, the greater the economy. Economy means getting full value for the expenditure, whether it is money or time.

In the majority of homes the cure of the sick falls upon the people in the home as one cannot always get a nurse or pay for one.

The greatest care should be taken in the selection and cure of food for the sick. The first requisite is cleanliness. The patient should have as much of a variety as possible, as those who are ill have poor appetites and tire of sameness in food much sooner than those who are well.

The physician's orders should always be followed and no new food should be introduced without first inquiring as to wisdom of the change. Those recovering from fever have an abnormal appetite which cannot be satisfied with safety. Many have lost their lives by being allowed some food which was craved, but which the patient could not digest.

The liquid diet may be varied in such a manner that it never becomes monotonous. In beginning a more solid diet care should be taken to have the change very gradual. **Chicken Panada.**—Remove the skin and every particle of fat from the breast of a chicken. If the fowl is a large one half of the breast will be sufficient. Place in a saucepan with enough water to cover and simmer slowly for two hours, or until the meat is very tender. Take it from the broth and cut it into small pieces, then press through a sieve, using a large spoon. Add the broth to the chicken, season to taste with a bit of salt. Add four tablespoonfuls of cream and bring to the boiling point. Serve in a pretty bowl with crisp bits of toast cut in fancy shapes.

Meat Pate.—Scrape with a small tin spoon a piece of beef cut from the round. This removes the tender meat fibers and leaves the connecting tissue which is tough and hard to digest. Press the scraped beef into a flat cake and broil in a smoking hot pan or toast on a fork over coals. Season it to taste before making it up into balls. Serve on triangles of toast garnished with parsley.

DAINTY DISHES FOR OCCASIONS. Thrift in steady earnings, wise spending, sane saving, careful investing, and the avoidance of waste. "Be what ye is, what ye ain't, ye ain't what ye is."

The following dishes are like "tete-a-tete," a splendid garment, but not fit for constant wear.

Chicken Fillet.—Remove the fillets carefully from the breast of the fowl, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne. Dip in olive oil, and cook in a hot pan until just brown. Add to the pan one cupful of equal parts of cream and white stock. When heated, add two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed to a paste with an equal quantity of cream or olive oil. Stir until the sauce boils, then add one-half cupful of thinly sliced almonds.

Current Jelly Sauce for Game.—Slice one onion and cook in three tablespoonfuls of butter until just brown. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one bay leaf and a sprig of celery; stir until smooth. Add one pint of good-seasoned stock, simmer 20 minutes, strain, skim off the fat, add one-half cupful of current jelly and stir over fire until melted.

Sweetbreads With Orange Sauce.—Cover sweetbreads with ice water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar added. Let stand one hour. Parboil 20 minutes. Cut in cubes or slices and brown in a buttered saucepan. Serve with the following sauce: One cupful of brown stock, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of bubbling hot butter. Add to this one-half tablespoonful of fine shredded yellow rind, one tablespoonful of orange juice, and one tablespoonful of orange marmalade. Let all cook together until boiling, then pour over the sweetbreads.

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Nellie Maxwell



PLANNING FOR EARTH ROADS

Bearing That Location and Design of Dirt Roads Have on Future Improvement Emphasized.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

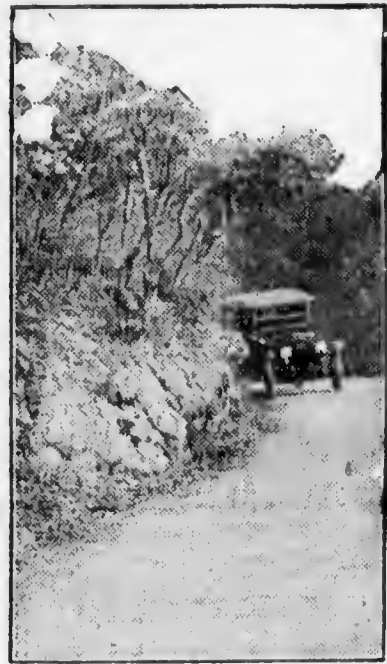
In view of the present widespread activity in every form of road building and since nearly all public roads are laid out originally as earth roads, the bureau of public roads emphasizes the bearing that the location and design of dirt roads have on future highway improvement. In locating and designing public roads the following considerations should be borne in mind:

Sharp curves should be avoided because they are a menace to traffic.

The width should be ample for vehicles to pass each other without leaving the traveled way.

If a road ever becomes of any considerable importance, its users probably will demand that all the steeper grades be reduced to the lowest maximum that would conform to the general topography of the region which the road traverses.

Let the road planners remember that aside from the advantages to traffic of a short route, each mile of additional road involves a considerable extra yearly expense for maintenance, and this alone may warrant the extra ex-



Sharp Curves Should Be Avoided.

pense of shortening the route when the road is constructed, provided that the decrease in distance does not materially increase the steepness of the grades.

Land lines should be regarded only in so far as this may be done without decreasing the usefulness of the road or increasing its ultimate cost.

The pleasing features of the route should not be overlooked. Remember that a large part of the travel on most country roads is for pleasure.

Avoid the necessity for subsequent changes in location. Such changes nearly always work hardship on some of those who have built homes along the original highway.

IMPETUS FOR BETTER ROADS

So Many Factors Are Working for Improved Highways That More Money Is Being Spent.

The cause of good roads goes ahead and gathers impetus. Every good road is a challenge to every bad road. In the competition for traffic between roads the better road wins. Travel follows it and property values increase along its course while the rule is that they decline along the course of the bad road. So many factors are working for good roads that counties and states are spending more money each year for road betterment. Encouraging sums are being set aside for this work in the "bad roads belt," that is, in the South. In Washington's neighbor state of Virginia the highway commissioner reports that road projects to cost \$3,059,929 are either under contract or being surveyed, says Washington Star. Figures showing the amount of money being spent on roads in Maryland are not at hand, but in a recent summary of good roads work Maryland was set down in the class with Ohio, Pennsylvania and Georgia, which had lately approved road improvements cutting for the expenditure of \$1,000,000.

Unimproved Roads Costly.

Each one of the six million one hundred and odd thousand motorists in this country when it runs on unimproved roads, pays about twice as much for tires and gasoline as when it runs on hard surfaced roads.

Some Water Is Essential.

Water is as essential to the making of most roads as the road material themselves, but an excess of it can destroy almost overnight the results of much careful work.

The Place and Power of Prayer

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE
Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago

TEXT.—Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11:1.

Prayer may be defined as an instinct which God has implanted in the human heart by means of which he retains communication with men and supplies their needs and at the same time carries out his great and gracious purposes. Though sin has blunted man's reason, debased his affections and perverted his will, it has not destroyed the instinct for prayer. Never has a nation existed so low and degraded that it did not worship the Supreme Being in some form.



Instinct Must Be Trained.

Prayer is an instinct, but it requires proper training or it may lead to disastrous consequences—as it leads the Hindu woman to throw her child into the Ganges to appease the wrath of the gods.

The first lesson in prayer which our Savior gave to his disciples is preserved in Matthew 7:7. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Here the Lord teaches us that it is our privilege to ask things of God. He does not promise us that we will receive what we ask for, but he encourages us to ask and to make that the habit of our lives. Our attitude should be that of a child, who might say, "I do not always obtain what I ask my father for, but I always get something, and he gives me good things." So it is with the soul who turns to God in extremity or gratitude; it is sure to receive some benefit. Perhaps it will be the benefit of acquaintance with God, or perhaps we will see our own hearts more truly in the light of his countenance, and thus realize our own sinfulness and selfishness.

Not a Substitute for Work.

Our Savior further teaches us that prayer is never to be regarded as a substitute for work, but rather as a supplement to our normal activities. If a child asks his mother to pick up his playthings a wise parent will refuse. What the child can do, he must do; but what the child needs to have done and cannot accomplish himself, that the mother will gladly do.

In John 15:7 our Savior gives us a lesson in prevailing prayer, by which I mean prayer which prevails with God and secures the very thing for which it asks. There Christ says: "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." This promises that if we fulfill certain conditions God will give us our desire.

Appeal Sets Even Law Aside.

The place of prayer may be illustrated by an appeal which Senator George Hoar of Massachusetts carried to Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was president of the United States.

An Armenian who lived in the senator's home city had earned enough money to send to his native country for his wife and two children. When they arrived at New York it was discovered that the children had an incurable disease of the eyes which, under the laws of the United States, made them ineligible to land in this country. The Armenian engaged a lawyer, who went from one immigration officer to another seeking permission for the afflicted children to land.

Meeting failure on every hand, the lawyer enlisted Senator Hoar's influence. The senator came to New York, but found the immigration officials immovable. He then wired the facts in the case to President Roosevelt, and concluded his telegram by saying: "If this is the law, then the law ought to be changed, and you are the man to start the revolution." Twenty minutes later the officials in New York were directed to allow the children to land.

What the parents, the lawyer and Senator Hoar could not do, President Roosevelt could and did do. Even so, what we cannot do for ourselves and what our friends cannot do for us, Jesus Christ can and will do. He is the one to whom we are blindeed to come at all times for all things that pertain to our own, or our friends' welfare. The Savior who sits upon the throne of the universe, and who has the ear of the Father, is able to do all things for us.

Humility Becoming.

Humility among Christians is a practical virtue, not a self-suppressing pose. It is not so much making ourselves small as seeing how small we are. But smallness implies contrast. If everything in the universe were small, nothing would be small in any real sense. For we should have no sense of smallness or bigness. If we find our tasks menial, it is because we have within us the promise of tasks that shall be mighty. If we feel within us the sense of sin, it is because there is growing there the conquering sense of the Presence of God.—W. L. Blake

In the Category of Sports Clothes



Two sweaters—as far separated as from one another in style as the North is from the South—are presented for the consideration of the sportswoman in the picture above. Each is representative of a type; the first, at the right of the two, being an example of styles used where the sweater is called upon to give actual warmth and freedom of movement. It is a close-knit, snug-fitting garment of wool, machine made, with cap to match, and is one of several varieties that the outdoor girl and the sportswoman find indispensable. This model is in one color, has patch pockets and a wide turn-over collar—with knitted hand to hold it close up about the neck. This is its novel feature and speaks for itself, for it assures comfort in the face of icy winds. The cap is in two colors.

Sweater coats of brushed wool are much like this model except that they are loose and belted. Usually collar, cuffs and pockets are bordered with a band in contrasting color. Vivid high colors are well represented, but do not predominate in the new sweaters; turquoise, rose and purple with orange appear among them. The brushed wool sweater coats are very warm looking.

A rival of the sweater has arrived in the very wide scarfs, usually in two-color combinations, having pockets in the fringed ends and belts to match. There is as great a variety in these as in sweaters, suited to as many purposes and climates as the competitors which they are destined to displace, or at least to share favors with.

The pretty garment and cap at the left, by contrast with its sturdy companion, is only acting a part. It is a sleeveless affair of knitted silk, having a cross-hair in a contrasting color, with small tassels suspended on silk cords of the same color, about the bottom. It is made in the slip-on style, but opens a little way down the front where a single button and two cords, ending in tassels, provide fastening and finish. Not much is required of it in the way of warmth and it can, therefore, afford to be sleeveless. The cloth tank, worn with it, is run with stitches like the cross-hair in the sweater in color and a narrow girdle of the silk is knotted loosely about the waist. This is an interpretation of the sweater for tourists to lands of the sun. Its mission is less practical than that of its companion which must face the snow, but they both belong in the category of sports clothes.

Among the very handsome garments of the same character for Southern tourists' wear are the sweaters with fitted body and ripped skirts, crocheted of heavy silk yarn. They have elbow sleeves ending in a wide ripple, and, without pretense to any usefulness, other than that of looking lovely, they are the most dignified of all the offerings for sports wear. The crocheted work is very open, amounting to a heavy square mesh, for which the blouse worn provides a background.

Hats That Match Merry Eyes



Life is made up of a number of pleasant things, including pretty hats, for little misses like those who look out at us from the picture above. No one with existence overshadowed by an unsatisfactory hat, could look so gay and carefree as this trio. Perhaps it is because this millinery, with bobbing tassel, pert bow, or flying ends, is less plain than the majority of hats made for girls. It has velvet and ribbon and tucks and everything to make it a joy to pretty wearers, and we must concede that it matches up well with dancing curls and merry eyes.

We just cannot get away from long-napped furry beaver in children's hats, but it has not a monopoly in the smart sailor with upward-rolling brim at the top of the picture. Here a soft beehive crown made of row after row of narrow grosgrain ribbon, is set off by the beaver trim of a contrasting color. A collar, with a knot and two outstanding ends of ribbon at the back puts a sprightly finishing touch to a successful hat.

Beaver is again among those present

when the materials used in the hat at the right are inventoried. Here it covers a crown over which it is draped. The brim is quite splendid with shirred velvet as a rich foil for the crown in a lighter color. Velvet and beaver tell the story of this hat and it has a happy ending—a dancing tassel of yarn written "finis" for it and joins the company of many dancing curls.

Time has added years enough to the history of the girl at the left to allow her a hat that looks much like a turban made of velvet. It has a modified tan crown with a band of tuck velvet inserted about it. At the side a loop and end of velvet are wired to stand out at a saucy angle, and this young person has arrived at the dignity of a fur neckpiece and large puffs of hair over her ears. She has therefore all the earmarks of the flapper who is nearing sixteen.

Julia Bottomley

HOME TOWN HELPS

CITY'S DEBT AN INVESTMENT

Growing Municipalities, Like Industries, Are in Constant Need of More Capital.

So generally has the failure of American municipal government been proclaimed that the 1913 financial statistics of the 227 cities in the country with over 30,000 population, published by the federal census bureau, come with a degree of surprise. According to the official report, all but four of these cities actually lived within their means last year—that is, their revenue receipts exceeded their current governmental expenditures and interest payments, and in eighty, or more than one-third, including some of the largest communities, the revenues exceeded all governmental expenditures, including capital outlays. The group as a whole collected in revenue about \$230,000,000 above current expenses and interest, or a sufficient surplus to provide four-fifths of the total outlay in permanent improvements.

Growing industries or enterprises of trade always require an increase of capital, the Philadelphia Bulletin remarks. Growing cities are confronted with a similar necessity, and municipal debt, if created for permanent improvements and wisely expended, is merely municipal capital, an investment in municipal development, efficiency and convenience which is a necessity for the production of tax-paying property. So that total figures of municipal outlay, or the evidences of increasing municipal debt, are not reliable criterion of the actual financial status of the cities, except as they are measured in comparison with the expansion of the communal plant. The comparison of current revenues and expenditures is a more competent basis of judgment.

PLANT AND PRESERVE TREES

One of the Most Important Duties Laid Upon the Individual and the Community.

Trees are nature's prime sources of food; their fruits and nuts gave sustenance to the first tribes of men and are the sweetest and most nourishing of the earth's products.

Trees herald the spring with glorious banners of leaf and bloom; they clothe the autumn in garments of gold and royal purple; bared to the winter's cold, they are the harp of the winds, and they whisper the music of the infinite spaces.

Before the earth could be peopled it was set thick with trees, and when man has run his course and the race we know has disappeared in the completeness of its mission or perishes in the destruction of its trees, the earth will spring up again with new forests to shelter and sustain a new race of men and beasts and birds to work out a greater destiny. Perhaps if we are wise enough to replenish our waning forests and to make ourselves worthy of the gift of trees we may be permitted to accomplish that greater destiny which the Mighty Forester, the Perfect Orchardist, the Loving Father requires in the fulfillment of his sublime purpose.—Clarence Ousley, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

Modern Building Methods Condemned. The urgent need of enforcing regulations directing the proper use of materials in building is shown in the second annual report of the state fire marshal of Oregon, who gives the following as a record of defects found by the Oregon state inspector during the year ended March, 1919:

Defective wiring, 229; floor and walls unprotected from stoves, 191; defective pipes, stoves and tubes, 125; found chimneys on brackets, 482; exposed and unprotected openings, 131.

The fact that 482 chimneys were found supported on brackets, it is stated, is an indication that a most primitive method of construction still exists, and emphasizes the fact that proper building regulations are most essential in all cities, large and small, for fire prevention.

Climbing Hydranges.

The climbing hydrangea, schizophragma hydrangeoides, is desirable for covering the trunks of trees, rough stone walls or similar rough surfaces where it can support itself naturally.

Failures usually result from the impatience of the gardener. It takes three years for the plants to become established, then rapid progress is made.

The plants prefer partial shade, but do well in the sun and are a pleasing sight during summer when covered with hundreds of blooms.

Proper Soil for Trees.

In planting trees and shrubbery of any kind particular attention must be given to the soil. Rich soil is essential. The soil around the home, especially in cities, is usually filled in or graded down to clay. Plants cannot grow in soil that contains an abundance of stones, coarse gravel, cinders, subsoil clay, and sand. Use rich soil, for the top layer at least, even though it may be necessary to haul it several miles.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

GAMES AND TOYS TALK.

"Well," said the game of soldiers, "those toys had a fine talk the other day, but now that so many of us have been made by Santa Claus, let us have a talk, too."

"How about it, games?"

"Fine," said the other games.

"Let's all tell what Santa said he was making us," suggested the game of soldiers.

"Good idea," the others said.

"Can we talk, too?" asked some of the other toys.

"Like soldiers."

"We were made because Santa Claus said he thought it was fine to see little boys straight and tall like soldiers," said the game of soldiers.

"Santa Claus said when he was making us," said the blocks, "the children can see all the alphabet letters on one side of the blocks and they can see little animals on the other side, on the third side they can see big letters instead of the smaller letters they see on one side, and on the fourth side children can see baryard animals."

"We're books, picture books," said the books in Santa's shop. "Santa has gathered together lots of stories and lots of pictures, and he has put the different ones in different books so the children read us and look at our pictures and can enjoy us for days and days."

"We're the little creatures of the great toy circus," said a make-believe circus game with make-believe animals and make-believe people and make-believe circus clowns. "We're the greatest toy circus that ever lived. Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, small boys and small girls, big boys and big girls, and see our wonderful tricks."

"Dear me," said a toy cat, "you talk like they do in the real circus. You boast in just the same way."

"Ah, but we can boast," said the creatures belonging to the circus, "for you will admit that a circus is a circus, and that there is nothing else like it."

"Yes, I will admit that," said the toy cat, "for I've heard Santa Claus speak very highly of the circus."

"We belong to a toy village," said some little make-believe trees and shops and houses and people. "We're able to stand up on our cardboard backs and we can be set out to look like a real little town. Aren't we fine? Don't we make a lovely, clean, beautifully painted little village? That is what Santa said when he made us."

"He's right," said the paint box, "and he is always right. He has always made paint boxes and we've always been popular. He knew the children liked us."

"They liked us," said the bathtub toys, "for we can float on the water and not sink to the bottom. That's what Santa said when he made us."

"They will like us," said the automobiles, "for Santa said so, and he made one or two of us so we could be taken to places and all built or made again. Some of us have all the tools attached."

"We will give fun," said the navy game, "for we have ships and sailors, and we are most exciting to play with."

"So are we," said the army game. "And don't forget about us," said a set of dishes. "There are a number of us around the shop and we're always popular with the girls, very popular, I might say. And the reason I might say so is because Santa Claus said so while he was making us."

"We're the wonder blocks," said another set of blocks, "and we have fairies and witches and gnomes and other lovely creatures upon us. They'll love us, they'll chuckle over us, as Santa said."

"They'll have a good time putting us together," said the puzzles. "Sometimes one of us will keep a child puzzled for ever so long, and she won't know where to put us."

"They'll play tunes on me," said the piano, "and I will make the music for them!"

"So will I," said another piano, but as so many of the toys wanted to speak the ones who had spoken said they would keep quiet for a time.

Something Lacking.

Elizabeth, aged eight, was learning her letters.

"What's zis one, mamma?"

"Why, that is 'T,'" was the reply.

"T, T," she replied in a musing way.

"Well, zen, where's ze sugar and cweeze sat zoss wiv it?"

"Puzzled."

"Puzzled."

Jacqueline of Golden River

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Copyright, W. G. Chapman

UNDER THE MOUNTAIN.

Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large amount of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her. After protecting her from two assassins he takes her in charge, and puts her in his own rooms for the rest of the night. He returns a little later to find a murdered man in his rooms and Jacqueline dazed, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to take her to Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, searching for Jacqueline for some unfriendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds, Charles Duchaine. Pero Antoine tells Hewlett Jacqueline is married and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out, but both escape and arrive at St. Boniface. On their sled journey to Chateau Duchaine their dogs are poisoned and Hewlett goes snowblind. Jacqueline recovers her memory and leaves Hewlett. Pero Antoine rescues Hewlett from death in the snow. He says Jacqueline is the wife of Louis d'Epernay, nephew of Charles Duchaine. Hewlett makes his way to Chateau Duchaine.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"M. Duchaine has been a recluse for many years," he said, "and of late his mind has become affected. It is said that he was implicated in the troubles of 1867, and that, fearing arrest, he fled here and built this chateau in this desolate region, where he would be safe from pursuit. Solitude has made a hermit of him and taken him out of touch with the world of today.

"I believe that Leroux has discovered coal on his property, and by threatening him with arrest has gained a complete ascendancy over the weak-minded old man. However, the fact remains that his daughter was married by me to M. d'Epernay some ten or twelve days ago at the chateau.

"My duties took me to Quebec. There I learned that Mmo. d'Epernay had fled on the night of her marriage, and that her husband was in pursuit of her. Again it was told me that she was living at the Chateau Frontenac with another man. It was not for me to question whether she loved her husband but to do my duty.

"I appended to you. You refused to listen to my appeal. You threatened me, monsieur. And you denied my priesthood. I shall not help you in the pursuit of her, M. Hewlett, for you are actuated solely by love for the wife of another man. Is that not so?" he ended, handing over me with a penetrating look in his blue eyes.

"Yes, it is so. But I shall go to the chateau," I answered.

Pero Antoine rose up.

"You will find food here," he said, "and if you wish to take exercise there are snowshoes. Try to find the chateau—do what you please; but remember that if you lose your way I shall not be here to save you. I shall return from my mission in a week and be ready to conduct you to St. Boniface. And now, monsieur, since we understand each other, I shall prepare the supper."

I swallowed a few mouthfuls of food and fell asleep soon afterward. In the morning when I awoke the cabin was empty.

I spent the next two days recovering my strength, and on the third found myself able to leave the hut for a short tramp.

I found one of the pistols in the hut, and in the pocket of my fur coat were a couple of cartridges which I had overlooked. The rest I had fired away in my delirium.

The cabin was situated in a valley, around which high hills clustered. Strapping on the snowshoes I set to work to climb a lofty peak which stood at no great distance.

I must have turned off at a slight angle which took me some distance out of my course, for my progress was suddenly arrested by a mighty wall of rock, a sheer precipice that seemed to descend perpendicularly into the valley underneath. Somewhere a torrent was roaring like a miniature Niagara. I stopped to stare in admiration. Far below me the narrow valley had widened into a smooth, snow-covered surface of a lake.

On a point of land projecting from the bottom of that mighty wall I saw the chateau!

It could have been nothing else. It was a splendid building—not larger than the house of a country gentleman, perhaps, and made of hewn logs; but the rude splendor of it against that icy, rocky background transfixed me with wonder.

On each side of the chateau a cataract plunged, veiling itself in an opacity of mist, tinted with all the spectral hues by the rays of the westerling sun.

Why, that position was impracticable. Behind it the sheer precipice, which not even a bird could walk,

the impassable lake before it, and the torrent on either side!

But—how had M. Charles Duchaine gained entrance there?

There seemed to be no entrance. And yet the chateau stood before my eyes, no dream but very real indeed. Before I reached the hut again I had formulated my plan. I would start at dawn, or earlier, and work around these mountains, a circuit of perhaps twenty miles, approaching the chateau by the edge of the lake. I concluded that there must exist a ridge of narrow bench between the whirlpool and the castle, though it was invisible from above, and that the entrance would disclose itself to me in the course of my journey.

Although the sun was well above the horizon when I awoke I started out on the fourth morning eager to achieve the entrance to the chateau.

First I plodded back to the two mountains which guarded the approach to the valley, then worked round along the flank of the ridge of peaks, searching for an entrance. The further I went, however, the higher and more precipitous became the mountains.

There was no visible entrance to that mountain lake on any side, and to descend that sheer, lee-coated precipice was an impossibility.

It was long after nightfall when I reached the cabin again, exhausted and dispirited.

I awoke too late on the fifth morning, and I was too stiff to make much of a journey. I climbed to the edge of the glacier once again in the hope of discovering an approach. I examined every foot of the ground with meticulous care.

But wherever I approached the edge the same wall of rock ran down vertically for some three hundred feet, veined with ice and wrapped in a perpetual blinding spray.

I was within three hundred feet of Jacqueline's home and yet as far away as though leagues divided us. I looked down at the chateau and



He Neither Heard Nor Saw Me.

ground my teeth and swore that I would win to her. But all the rest of that day went in fruitless searching.

This was to be my last night in the cabin. I could not return, not though I were perishing in the snows.

Happily my eyes were now entirely well, and my hands, though chapped and roughened from the frostbites, had suffered no permanent injury. So I started out with grim resolution on the sixth morning, when the dawn was only a red streak on the horizon and the stars still lit my way.

As I stood, rather weary, balancing myself upon my snowshoes, I heard a wolf's howl quite near to me. Raising my head I saw no wolf but an Eskimo dog—the very dog I had encountered in New York—Jacqueline's dog!

CHAPTER XI.

Under the Mountains.

The dog was standing on a rock at the base of the hill immediately before me—and calling. I almost thought that it was calling me.

I took a few steps toward it, and it disappeared immediately, as though alarmed—apparently into the heart of the mountain.

When I reached the spot where it had been it was nowhere to be seen. And the pad-prints ran toward a tiny hole no bigger than the entrance to a fox's lair—and ended there.

At this spot an enormous boulder lay, almost concealing the burrow. I put my shoulder against it—in the hope of dislodging it sufficiently to enable me to see into the cavity. To my astonishment, at the first touch it rolled into a new position, disclosing a wide natural tunnel in the mountain-side, through which a sleigh might have passed easily!

I saw at once the explanation. The boulder was a rocking stone. It

must have fallen at some time from the top of the arch, and happened to be so poised that at a touch it could be swung into one of two positions, alternately disclosing and concealing the tunnel in the cliff wall.

I stepped within, and, striking a match, perceived that I was standing inside a vast cave—a vaulted chamber that ran apparently straight into the heart of the mountains.

The interior was completely dark. At intervals I struck matches from the box which I had brought with me, but the road always ran clear and straight ahead, and I could even guide myself by the ruts in the ground.

I advanced cautiously until the light grew quite bright; I saw the tunnel end in front of me, and emerged into an open space in the heart of the hills.

I glanced at my watch. It seemed that I had been traveling for an interminable time, but it was barely eleven o'clock. I felt drowsy, and somehow, before I was aware of any fatigue, I was asleep.

It was three o'clock when I awoke, and at first, as always since my journey began, I could not remember where I was. And, as always, it was the thought of Jacqueline that recalled me to my surroundings.

I sprang to my feet and made hasty preparations to resume my journey.

In the first cave that I explored I found a stock of provisions—flour and canned meats and matches—safely stored away aside from the damp and snow. Near by were picks and shovels and three very reputable blankets, with a miscellany of materials suggestive of the camping party's outfit.

I might have been more surprised than I was, but my thoughts were all centered on Jacqueline, and the winking of the light showed me that the sun must be well down in the sky. I must go on at once if I were to reach the chateau that night.

As I proceeded I kept looking to the left to endeavor to locate the narrow passage into which I had strayed, but it must have been the merest opening in the wall, so small that only a miracle of chance had led me into it, for I saw nothing but the straight passage before me.

Presently I began to hear a murmur of water in the distance and then a faint flicker of light.

The thunder of the cataracts filled my ears. A fine spray, like a garment of filmy silk, obscured my clearer vision; but through and beyond it, between two torrents that sailed above like crystal bows, I saw the chateau before me.

CHAPTER XII.

The Roulette Wheel.

The building stood far back beneath the overhanging ledge and seemed to be secured against the living rock. It was evident that there was no other approach except the tunnel through which I had come, for all around the land that turbulent whirlpool raved where the two cataracts contended for the mastery of the waters.

It was almost dark now and growing bitterly cold. I felt in my pocket for my pistol and loaded it with the two cartridges that alone remained of the lot I had brought with me. Then I advanced stealthily until I stood beneath the cataract; and here I found the spray no longer drenched me. I came upon a door in the dark wing and, turning the handle noiselessly, found myself inside the chateau. And at once my ears were filled with yells and coarse laughter in men's and women's voices.

As my eyes became accustomed to my surroundings I perceived that I was standing near the foot of an uncarpeted wooden stairway. There was a dark room with an open door immediately in front of me, and another at the further end of the passage, from beneath which a glimmer of light issued, and it was from this room that the sounds of laughter and music came.

I turned to the left, and advancing I suddenly found myself face to face with Philippe Leroux.

He was seated at a table in a room writing, and I came right upon the door before I was aware of it. I saw his thin face with the little upturned mustache and the cold sneer about the mouth; and I think I should have shot him if he had looked up. But he neither heard nor saw me but wrote steadily, and I crept back from the door.

Hewlett meets Duchaine and Jacqueline and Leroux and learns many things.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proverb Refuted.

"There is no fool like an old fool." "I don't know. There's the young fool that marries an old fool."

Common sense is not so common after all.



Jacqueline of Golden River

Copyright W. G. Chapman

"FOR MY SAKE!"

Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large amount of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her. After protecting her from two assassins he takes her in charge, and puts her in his own rooms for the rest of the night. He returns a little later to find a murdered man in his rooms and Jacqueline dazed, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to take her to Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, searching for Jacqueline for some unfriendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds, Charles Duchaine. Pero Antoine tells Hewlett Jacqueline is married and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out, but both escape and arrive at St. Boniface. On their sled journey to Chateau Duchaine their dogs are poisoned and Hewlett goes snowblind. Jacqueline recovers her memory and leaves Hewlett. Pero Antoine rescues Hewlett from death in the snow. He says Jacqueline is the wife of Louis d'Epernay, nephew of Charles Duchaine. Hewlett makes his way to Chateau Duchaine.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

I turned back and followed the corridor to the right and came to a little hall toward the rear of the building. Beyond was an open door, and behind it I saw the dull glow of a stove and felt its heat.

I approached cautiously and looked in.

Facing me, above a cracked and ancient mirror, were two rusty broadswords, and in the mirror I saw a large oaken table reflected. Seated at the table in a threadbare coat of very ancient fashion, was an old man with long, snow-white hair and a white, forked beard. He was busily transferring a stack of gold pieces from his right to his left side; and then he began scribbling on a sheet of paper. He paid me not the smallest attention as I entered.

I perceived that the top of the table was very curiously designed. It was marked off with squares and columns, and in each square were figures in black and red. Upon one end of the table at which the old man sat was a cup-shaped, circular affair of very dark wood—teak, it resembled—once delicately turned with pearl. But now most of the hubbly had disappeared, leaving unsightly holes.

At the bottom of the cup were a number of metallic compartments, and the whole interior portion was revolving slowly at a turn of the old man's fingers.

The ball stopped and settled in one of the compartments, and the old man took a goldpiece from one of the squares on the table, transferred a little pile of gold from his right side to his left, and jotted down some figures upon his paper.

And suddenly I was aware of an abysmal rage that filled me. It seemed like an abominable dream. I had endured so much for Jacqueline, to find myself immersed in such things in the end. I stepped forward and swept the entire heap of gold into the center of the table.

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted. "Why are you playing the fool here when your daughter is suffering persecution?"

The old man seemed to be aware of my presence for the first time. He looked up at me out of his mild old eyes and shook his head in apparent perplexity.

"You are welcome, monsieur," he said, half rising with a courtly air. "Do you wish to stake a few pieces in a game with me?"

He gathered up a handful of the coins and pushed them toward me.

"You see, monsieur, I have a system—at least I nearly have a system," he went on eagerly. "But it may not be so good as yours. Come. You shall be the banker and see if you can win my money from me. But we shall return the stakes afterward."

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted in his ear. "Where is your daughter?"

"My daughter?" he repeated in mild surprise. "Ah, yes; she has gone to New York to make our fortune with the system. But make your play, monsieur."

In desperation I thrust a goldpiece upon one of the numbers at the head of a column. The wheel stopped, and the ball rolled into one of its compartments. The old man thrust several gold pieces toward me.

I staked again and again and won every time. Within five minutes the whole heap of gold pieces lay at my side.

The dotard looked at me with an expression of imbecile terror.

"You will give them back to me?" he pleaded.

I thrust the heap of coins toward him. "Now, M. Duchaine," I said; "in return for those you will conduct me to Mlle. Jacqueline."

"I am here, monsieur," answered in voice at the door, and I whirled, to see Jacqueline confronting me.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some Plain Speaking.

I took three steps toward her and stood still. For this was Jacqueline, but it was not my Jacqueline. It might have been Jacqueline's grandmother when she was a girl—this haughty belle with her high waist and side curls and her dounced skirt and aspect of cold recognition.

She did not stir as I approached her but stood still, framed in the doorway, looking at me as though I were an unwelcome stranger. My outstretched arms fell to my sides.

"Jacqueline!" I cried. "It is I, Paul! You know me, Jacqueline!"

Jacqueline inclined her head. "Oh, yes; I know you, monsieur," she answered. "Why have you come here?"

"To save you, Jacqueline!"

She made me a mocking courtesy. "I am infinitely obliged to you, monsieur, for your good will," she said; "but I do not need your aid. I am with friends now, M.—M. Paul!"

"Do you want to see me, Jacqueline?" I asked, watching her through a whirling fog.

"No, monsieur," she answered chillingly. "No, monsieur!"

"Do you wish me to go?"

She said nothing, and I walked unthinkingly toward the door. She followed me slowly. I went out of the room and pulled the door to behind me. I knew that after it had closed I should never see Jacqueline again.

She opened it and stood confronting me, and then burst into a flood of impassioned speech.

"Why have you followed me here to persecute me?" she cried. "Are you under the illusion that I am helpless? Do you think the friends who rescued me from you have forgotten that you exist? You took advantage of my helplessness. I do not want to see you. I hate you!"

"You told me that you loved me, and I believed you, Jacqueline," I answered miserably, watching the color flame into her lovely face. And I could see she remembered that.

"When I was ill you used me for your base schemes," she went on with cutting emphasis. "And you—you followed me here. Have you not had money enough? Do you want more?"

I seized her by the wrists. This I held her at arm's length, and my fingers tightened until I saw the flesh grow white beneath them. The lunacy of my rage beat hers down and made it a puny thing.

"Jacqueline! Only a few nights ago you said you loved me; that you would never send me away until I wished to go. What is it that has happened to change you so, Jacqueline?"

I had her in my arms. She struggled fiercely and I let her go.

"How dare you, monsieur!" she panted. "Go at once, or I shall call for aid!"

So I went into the passage. But before I reached the end of the little hall Jacqueline came running back to me. "Monsieur!" she gasped. "M. Paul! For the sake of—of what I once thought you, I do not want you to be seen. You are in dreadful danger. Come back!"

"No, Mlle. d'Epernay," I answered, and she winced again, as though I had struck her across the face.

"For my sake," she pleaded, catching at my arm, and at that moment I heard a door slam underneath and heavy footsteps begin slowly to ascend the stairs.

"No, madame," I answered, trying to release my arm from her clasp. "Then for the sake of—of our love, Paul!" she gasped.

I suffered her to lead me back into the room. As she drew me back and closed the door behind us I heard the footsteps pause and turn along the corridor.

I knew that heavy gait as well as though I already saw Leroux's hard face before my eyes.

The room was completely dark. I heard Leroux tramp in and his voice mingling with the click-click of the ball in the roulette wheel.

"Who is here?" he demanded.

"I am," answered Jacqueline.

"Maudit!" he burst out explosively. "Where is d'Epernay? I am tired of waiting for him!"

"I have told you many times that I do not know," answered Jacqueline. "How long will you keep up this tortoise, madame?" cried Leroux sharply.

grity. "What have you to gain by concealing the knowledge of your husband from me?"

"M. Leroux, why will you not believe that I remember nothing?" answered Jacqueline. "After my father had turned M. Louis d'Epernay out of his home, whether he had come to beg money to pay his gambling debts, you brought him back. You made my father take him back in. He wanted to marry me. But I refused, because I had no love for him. But you—M. Leroux—I should marry him, because he had gained you the assistance to the seignior and helped you to acquire your power over my father."

"Go on," growled Leroux, biting his lips. "Perhaps I shall learn something."

"Nothing that you do not already know, monsieur," she flashed out with spirit. "My father came here, long ago, a political fugitive, in danger of death. You knew this, and you played upon his fears. You drained him of his last penny, and then offered him ten thousand dollars to gamble with in Quebec, telling him of the delights of the city and promising him immunity," the girl went on remorselessly. "And for this he was to assign his property to Louis, thinking, of course, that he could soon make his fortune at the tables. And Louis was to marry me, and in turn sell the seignior to you. And so I married Louis under threat of death to my father."

"Oh, yes, monsieur, the plan was simple and well devised. And I knew nothing of it. But Louis d'Epernay blurted it all out to me upon our wedding night. I think the shame of knowing that I had been sold to him unlined my mind, for I ran out into the snows."

"Now you know all, monsieur, for I remember nothing more until I found myself travelling back with M. Hewlett in the sleigh. You say I was in New York. Well, I do not remember it."

"And as for Louis d'Epernay, I know nothing of him—but I will die before he claims me as his wife!"

And then I had the measure of Leroux. He laughed and he bent down her scorn with scorn.

"You have underestimated your power, madame," he sneered. "Since you have learned so much I will tell you more. You have cost me twenty thousand dollars, and not two; for besides the ten thousand paid to your father Louis got ten thousand also, upon the signing of the marriage contract. So swallow that, and be proud of being priced so high! And the seignior is already his, and I am waiting for him to return and sell me the ground rights for twenty-five thousand more, and if I know Louis d'Epernay he will not wait very long to get his fingers round it."

"Listen to me, Simon Leroux," said Jacqueline, standing up before him, as indomitable in spirit as he. "All your plots and schemes mean nothing to me. My only aim is to take my father away from here, from you and M. d'Epernay, and let you wrangle over your spoil. There are more than four-legged wolves, M. Leroux; there are human ones, and, like the others, when food is scarce they prey upon each other."

"Farewell, I like your spirit!" exclaimed Simon, staring at her with frank admiration.

And Jacqueline's head dropped then. Unwittingly Simon had pierced her defenses.

But he never knew, for before he had time to know the graybeard rose upon his feet and rubbed his thin hands together, chuckling.

"Never mind your money, Simon," he said. "I'm going to be richer than any of you. Do you know what I did with that ten thousand? I gave it to my little daughter, and she has gone to New York to make our fortunes at Mr. Daly's gambling house. No, there she is!" he suddenly exclaimed. "She has come back!"

Leroux wheeled round and looked from one to the other.

"Diable! So that was the purpose of your visit to New York?" he asked the girl. "So you have not quite forgotten that, madame! Where is the money?"

Jacqueline's lips quivered. I saw her glance involuntarily toward the door behind which I was standing.

And suddenly the last phase of the problem became clear to me. Jacqueline thought I had robbed her.

I stepped from behind the door and faced Leroux. "I have that money," I said curtly.

I saw his face turn white. He staggered back, and then, with a hull's hollow, rushed at me, his heavy fists aloft.

But he stopped short when he saw my automatic pistol pointing at his chest. And he saw in my face that I was ready to shoot to kill.

"You thief—you spy—you treacherous hound, I'll murder you!" he roared.

The dotard, who had been looking at me, came forward.

"No, no, I won't have him murdered, Simon," he protested, laying a trembling hand on Leroux's shoulder. "He has almost as good a roulette system as I have."

Hewlett is forced to leave the chateau and begins new adventures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Way to Start.

"They seem to get along well together."

"Yes. Neither one expected the other to be perfect when they married."

The DAIRY



MILK AND CREAM CONTESTS

Producers and Dealers Enter Novel Contest to Improve Quality to City Consumers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Friendly rivalry among milk producers and dealers is an important feature in the improvement of the milk supplies of cities, says Department Circular 53, "Milk and Cream Contests." The two kinds of contests—the one in which the dairymen prepare their own samples of milk or cream especially for the contest and the one in which samples are collected on the street without previous notification to the producers—are discussed in detail. The discussion includes the method of preparing milk and cream for entry in contests, the method of scoring on cards prepared by the dairy division of the bureau of animal industry, shipping and handling at destination, laboratory equipment for conducting contests, methods



Measuring Milk With a Glass Tube Onto a Sterile Plate, Preparatory to Making a Bacteria Examination in a Milk and Cream Contest—This Step is Called "Plating."

of analyzing and testing, and publicity methods in connection with milk and cream contests.

Copies of the circular may be had free by interested persons on application to the division of publications, department of agriculture.

RAFFLE OF PUREBRED CALVES

Novel Idea Introduced in Wisconsin County to Promote the Cause of Better Sires.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A novel form of raffle has been employed in Lincoln county, Wisconsin, by the members of a newly organized Holstein cattle association to promote the cause of better sires. With the profit the association derives from the sale of 32 head of cattle which it brought in from the southern part of the state, and from the sale of several other animals secured locally, the association bought eight purebred bull calves. The method by which these calves were distributed resembled a raffle. However, no fee was exacted of "chance" takers, but instead all were required to join the association. In every instance the bull went to men who had not had purebred bulls previously or who had manifested little interest in the purebred stock movement.

ECONOMY IN FUEL FOR DAIRY

Specialists Advise That All Waste Steam Be Utilized During the Current Winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many factory operations of the dairy industry require the use of heat, although they demand little power. As exhaust steam contains about 90 per cent of its original heat, it can be advantageously used in pasteurizing milk and cream, and in sterilizing dairy equipment, the average commercial plant, according to specialists. They advise that all dairy factory men utilize this waste steam during the current winter, when fuel may be scarce and high in price. Information on how to use steam effectively will be furnished free of charge when request is made to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

WATER FOR COWS IN WINTER

If Highest Production Is to Be Maintained Drinking Water Must Be Warm.

Cows frequently refuse to drink the water in an icy trough. A cow must be thirsty, indeed, before she will fill herself with freezing water. It is necessary, in view of the fact that milk contains about 87 per cent water, to warm the drinking water for dairy cows if highest possible production is to be maintained. Unless the cow drinks a sufficient quantity of water her milk production will diminish, and she will not drink enough unless it is warm. Suitable shelter from cold rains and raw winds is another comfort which the cow will repay in milk.

EVERY FARMER OWES HIMSELF DUTY OF STUDYING NEW BULLETINS ON FARMING



A Typical Chimney-Corner College of Agriculture.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The poets, when they got going on the calendar, usually ran to spring and summer months, ending at about "knee deep in June." Thomas Hood did succeed in getting as far as November, but it wasn't a good poem. Oh, it was a clever piece of craftsmanship, and all that, but unjust. It was all negatives—"No morn, no noon, no other time of day; no sun, no moon, no father side the way"—some such libelous stuff as that about a perfectly gorgeous month. But they didn't write even negative eulogies of December. I've mentioned it, along with "dying ember," "midnight dreary," and such like goths of gloom. Just the same, December might be made the subject of a very excellent poem. Indeed, with a verse here and a verse there, it may almost be said that the United States department of agriculture has written a great poem on it—one of the didactic kind that, in addition to adorning the tale, points a moral, entitled to be considered poetry because truth is beauty, and beauty is poetry. The theme of the thing must be said to be that December is such a tremendously important month to the farmer.

December Important Farm Month. Now, having pulled up long enough to climb over a period and walk around the nook of a paragraph—consider. Of course, December has not been generally considered an important month in agriculture. On the contrary, it has been a very much neglected month, almost a month ignored. None the less, it does come very close to being the most important month in the year for the farmer. It is a month of such tremendous potentiality, a month whose usefulness may be so spread out over the other 11.

There is no end of things that should be done in December besides getting ready for Christmas. That, to borrow a phrase from a very old charge on duty, "is not on any account to be neglected," but it is due to be coordinated.

You have read in the old pioneer stories how the boys had to work in the clearing all summer, started to school in the winter. That ought to be true still for every farmer, no matter how old or young he is. December should mark the beginning of the session in his school. His schoolhouse may very well be in his own chimney corner. He has not much time to read all spring, summer, and fall. Now, he does begin to have a little leisure—not that he has any time to loaf, but he has his heels on the ground. During the year there have been printed a considerable number of good textbooks on farming. Specialists of the United States department of agriculture and other specialists at the state agricultural college have embodied in bulletins the result of long and patient labor on various things pertaining to farming, have put in type facts that will mean dollars to the farmer who learns them and puts them into practice.

Pupils Study What They Like.

Of course, this chimney-corner school of agriculture allows its students a lot of leeway. The curriculum is largely elective. The farmer may study this and leave the other alone, as his interests may dictate. But there will be enough bulletins that are of interest to him to make a pretty full course of study. If he has neglected his education at all and isn't "up to his grade," there may be a great deal more than he can handle in one winter. The United States department of agriculture has been publishing bulletins for a great many years. There are more than a thousand farmers' bulletins now on the list, and every one of them discusses something that means money to a large class of farmers. Many of the subjects have been supplemented and localized by state agencies—the agricultural college or the state department of agriculture. There is absolutely no reason why any farmer may not have all the scientific information that exists on all phases of agriculture that mean anything in his particular operation. All he has to do is to go to school to himself by his own fireside. If he needs tutoring, there is the county agent whom he can consult when he goes to town on Saturday—or he might possibly have the agent out to supper and a session by the fireside some night.

The United States department of agriculture maintains printed lists of its various publications, arranged by subjects. Any farmer—or any city dweller or suburbanite who is interested in chickens or a garden or any of the things that pertain to farming—can have a copy merely by writing for it. For the average farmer it is worth spending an evening over, reading the

titles and checking the ones he is interested in. Then he can mail this checked list to the department of agriculture, and the bulletins checked will be sent to him without charge. There are a few bulletins the supply of which has become depleted and copies are no longer given away, but they may be bought at a very low price from the superintendent of documents at Washington. The procedure is explained on the list that is furnished by the department of agriculture.

Chimney-Corner College Co-educational

Every farmer owes it to himself and his family to find a little time to go to school every winter—to read half a dozen, or a dozen, or 20 bulletins that will help him make better crops, to keep his live stock in better condition with less feed, to carry on his operations with less exhausting strain on himself.

It should be mentioned, too, that this chimney-corner college of agriculture is co-educational. A very large proportion of the bulletins are devoted to household subjects. They contain information that will enable the farmer's wife better to carry her half of the load—to feed the family better with less work, to realize more for the portion of the farm output that comes under her direction, to have the minimum of inconvenience in the house and to get the maximum of comfort out of it—n thousand things that will help along in making farm life pleasant and profitable.

MAKE PROPER STUDY OF RABBIT PROBLEM

Attractive Possibilities Are Quite Often Misleading.

Before Starting on Enterprise It Is Advisable to Consider How Animals Can Be Disposed of to Best Advantage.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The attractive, not to say startling, mathematical calculations which are sometimes made in estimating breeding possibilities of rabbits not infrequently have led persons to engage in rabbit raising without proper study of the problem. Before starting on this enterprise, it is advisable also for one to consider well how such rabbits as can be raised may be disposed of. In the vicinity of towns where there are restaurants, hotels and boarding houses, arrangements can usually be made to furnish market men or landlords a regular number of rabbits weekly. But one should not begin raising rabbits on a large scale in a locality where people are unaccustomed to eating them. No breeder can expect to make a profit until he has developed a market. He can demonstrate the desirability of the meat of young rabbits to his neighbors and sometimes to other agencies. If a breeder is not able to carry out an educational campaign singly, he should endeavor to organize with others in such an undertaking. By combining they can save cost in advertising and stabilize their output.

Rabbits of recognized breeds, conforming in size, build and color to accepted standards, are always in demand for breeding stock. Those born of registered parents are preferred and are spoken of as "pedigreed." They can be registered if the owner so desires. The cost of keeping pedigree or registered stock is no more than that of ordinary stock and the returns are considerably greater. Such stock can usually be disposed of by advertising in poultry and pet journals. If there is not sufficient home demand, rabbits for meat are sold at greater profit when from two to four months of age. Ordinarily they are shipped to market alive in crates, like poultry.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Permanent pastures produce prosperous people.

Heavy wire costs more now but less in the long run.

The lasting qualities of manure when applied to land are considerable.

A little hard well tilled will produce more profit than more land neglected.

LIVE STOCK

LESS HOG LOSS BY CHOLERA

Lowest Number of Animals Lost in History of Live Stock Industry of Country.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

According to records of the United States department of agriculture for the 13 months from April 1, 1918, to April 30, 1919, hog cholera killed 2,815,004 hogs, valued at \$62,042,983.16, in the United States. This is the lowest loss by numbers for a similar period in the live stock history of the United States, but on account of the high price of hogs the monetary loss was heavy. For example, during the year ending March 31, 1913, hogs numbering 8,004,470 and worth \$58,833,653 died from cholera, while the next year the disease took 6,304,320 hogs worth \$67,697,461.

Department experiments show that timeliness in vaccinating hogs against cholera is all-important. When ex-



Cholera Control Means an Increased Pork Production.

posed hogs were vaccinated, while still apparently healthy, losses amounted to only 4 per cent, but when vaccination was deferred until the animals showed external signs of sickness losses averaged nearly 29 per cent. This shows that the man who puts off the preventive treatment until his hogs are sick with cholera stands only about one chance in seven of preventing fatal results. It is important, also, to maintain hog yards and barns in clean and sanitary condition.

MEAT PRODUCTION IS BEHIND

Consumption Is Increasing, However, Points Out Animal Husbandry Head of Kansas.

Meat production has not kept pace with the growth in population in the United States, according to Dr. C. W. McCampbell, head of the animal husbandry department, Kansas State Agricultural college.

"In 1900 there were 660 head of cattle in the country for every 1,000 persons," he said. "This has now been reduced to 350 head."

"The figures for hogs and sheep show a similar reduction. In nine years hogs have dropped from 800 to 600 head for each thousand persons, and sheep from 880 to 450 head."

Doctor McCampbell said the meat consumption of the country is increasing. "The consumer must look for high prices from now on," he said. "The capacity of the ranges is decreasing, and any increase in the supply of beef must come from the farm, where the expense of production is much greater than on the range."

MORE LIVE STOCK DEMANDED

It Means Less Marketing of Crops and Less Expense to Producer—Animals Consume Feed.

More live stock means less marketing of crops and less expense to those who produce the crops. Animals consume the feed at minimum prices and produce animal products—milk, cream, beef, pork, mutton, wool and other articles—at prevailing prices for finished products.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Keep more sheep.

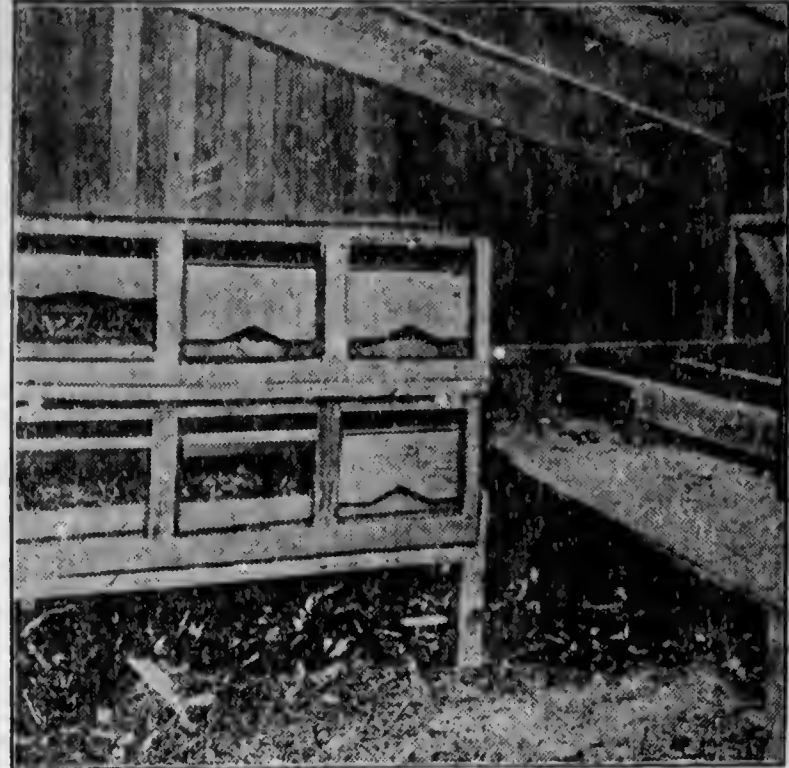
Hogs and alfalfa seem to have been made for each other.

For the best bacon types of hogs, the Yorkshire and Berkshire are the most desirable.

Of all meats, it may be that of the hog will eventually prove to be the most indispensable.

Breeders of heavy horses have a great outlook, if they breed the kind the market demands.

POULTRY RAISER CAN OVERCOME NATURE OF HEN TO DEPOSIT EGG IN TRAP NEST



Where Hens Get Credit for Laying Their Eggs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If you have ever led a horse down a long and tortuous lane to water and then had the animal repeatedly refuse to drink, you are in a position to appreciate the predicament of the poultry raiser who equips his poultry house with trap nests and then finds that some of the pullets will not use these ingenious devices. That intent instinct of the female fowl to deposit her eggs in secluded, remote spots, preferably in a nest which she personally constructs, may cause trouble to the chicken raiser who attempts to accustom the pullets to the artificial trap nest.

Beginning of Trouble.

Usually as soon as the pullets are removed to winter quarters where trap nests are used the trouble begins, as some of the young females may lay their eggs on the floor in the straw and litter, in the corners of the building, and often upon and under the dropping boards. In remedying such misdeeds on the part of the pullets, it is first essential to see that enough trap nests are provided. Usually the equipment should include one trap nest for each four pullets or hens in the flock. Having remedied any deficiency in the way of nest equipment, the poultryman should next resort to handling as a means of curing the fowls of their undesirable habit of laying their eggs any-

where and everywhere about the house. The owner or attendant should enter the house frequently throughout the day, and as often as he finds one of the pullets nesting in a secluded spot he should pick the bird up and place her in a trap nest. After he does this several times the pullet becomes accustomed to the artificial nests and seeks them intuitively when she is ready to lay eggs.

Make the Nests Cozy.

Of course, it is essential to make the nests as attractive and cozy as possible, and this is accomplished by providing them with plenty of clean litter, as often as a new supply of straw is needed. Furthermore, in particularly objectionable cases it pays to clean all the litter from the floor of the house, in order to break the habit of laying promiscuously wherever they desire. By removing the straw and bedding, the floor of the house is not so attractive as a nesting spot for the hens and pullets, and hence they are forced to seek the trap nests.

The purpose of trap nesting the flock is to ascertain which hens lay, either for determining what record they make or for identifying their eggs during the hatching season, so that pedigree records are possible. Trap nesting requires a considerable amount of attention, but is a valuable aid in developing a flock of poultry by breeding for egg production.

OLD-FASHIONED BARN RAISING IS REVIVED

Iowa Farmers Experience Difficulty in Getting Carpenters.

Groups Co-operate in Erecting Structures Under Supervision of County Agent and Farm Building Expert of State.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A modern counterpart of the old-fashioned barn raising, with certain noteworthy features added in the form of assistance by state authorities has appeared in Marshall county, Iowa, where the farmers have had great difficulty in securing carpenters to erect farm buildings. The plan being worked out is for groups of farmers to co-operate in erecting their structures under the direction of the county agent and the farm building experts of the agricultural extension department of Iowa State Agricultural college.

Poultry houses, because of their simplicity, are being tried first. A feature of the movement which is looked on as giving particular promise is the fact that the agricultural extension department furnishes plans for the buildings so that the co-operating builders may have explicit directions for cutting materials and erecting the structures. The first poultry houses will be built under extension supervision, but after that the farmers are expected to duplicate the work on other farms. In case this experiment proves satisfactory the same principle may be applied to more pretentious building enterprises.

POULTRY DISLIKE WET FEET

Light Sandy Soil, Through Which Water Leaches Freely Is Preferred—Give Free Range.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Poultry can be raised successfully on any well-drained soil. A light sandy loam which will grow good grass is well adapted for this purpose, while a very light sandy soil, through which the water leaches freely, will stand more intensive poultry conditions, but most of the green feed for the fowls kept on such a soil will have to be purchased. A heavy clay or adobe soil is not so well adapted to poultry raising, as such land does not drain readily, and it is much more difficult to keep the stock healthy. Long station-

ary houses, or the intensive system, save steps, but it is easier to keep the birds healthy and to reproduce the stock under the colony system, where the birds are allowed free range. Breeding stock and especially growing chickens should have an abundance of range, while hens used solely for the production of market eggs may be kept on a very small area.

SANITARY FLOORS ARE BEST

Cement Is Adapted to Long Permanent Buildings Where an Artificial Floor Is Needed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The best kind of a floor depends upon the soil and the use of the poultry house. On light, sandy, well-drained soils a dirt floor is satisfactory, especially for small or colony hen houses. Such floors should be from 2 to 6 inches higher than the outside ground surface, and it is advisable to renew them each year by removing the contaminated surface down to clean soil, and to refill with fresh sand or fine gravel and earth. A board floor is generally used where the level of the floor in the house is from 1 to 3 feet above the ground surface and in portable houses on land which is not well drained. Board floors harbor rats and rot quickly, and should be raised some distance off the ground, so that cats or dogs can get under them, which also allows a free circulation of air to prevent the wood from rotting. Cement floors are adapted to long permanent buildings, brooder houses, incubator cellars, and to all permanent houses where an artificial floor is required and can be built on the ground level. These floors are easy to clean, very sanitary, rat proof, and comparatively inexpensive, if one has a cheap supply of gravel or sharp sand.

POULTRY NOTES

The Toulouse is the giant of the geese family.

Food has a great deal to do with the production of eggs.

Change the pullets to winter quarters before they begin to lay.

Sprouted oats are one of the best of all-winter feeds where eggs are wanted.

Colds in poultry are largely caused by overcrowding at night or exposure to the wind.